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DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

"Dreams are mind-clouds, high and unshapen beauties."
—FESTUS.

O dreams! how cruel, false, and vain ye are,
Alluring us with joys so sweet and fair;
The morning comes, and ye have flown afar,
Melted and vanished into empty air.

Ye come when, in Delilah's lap of sleep,
Like Sampson, shorn of strength, we helpless lay;
And into the unfashionable deep
Of unknown things ye carry us away.

And then such wondrous things, such sights, such sounds,
As there we see and hear—ah, who can tell?
Making the hair to stand with awe profound,
And the heart palpitate with quicker swell.

Or maybe that ye bring us to that land
Where all things sweet and fair delight the sense;
Where the loved forms and faces round us stand
Which cruel death long since hath borne far hence.

Last night I dreamed that in my empty arms
I held the babe so lately nestled there;
All sweetly blooming were those infant charms
As when she left us—sweet and fresh and fair.

Oh! how I clasped her to my throbbing breast,
And left sweet kisses on her lip and brow;
And smoothed her sunny locks, as still I pressed
Her to the heart that is so lonely now.

And she seemed happy too, and called to me
Just as she called when she drew near to death,
And looked up in my face so joyously—
I watched—*the fair young body had no breath.*

O God! as up I started with the chill
Of disappointment on me, and the power
Which thus had led me captive at its will,
I knew not which—to bless or curse the hour.

And then I thought, if but one moment's space
I may but spend with her, even in dreams,
Look in her eyes, clasp her in my embrace,
'Twill throw across my life some sunny beams.

Come to me, sweet one! as thou camest last night;
And let me press thee nightly to my heart,
Until I join thee in the morning light
Of that blessed land where we no more shall part.

THE MISSING PACKET;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF WILTON'S WISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

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CHAPTER XV.

MANY CHANGES.

Weeks had flown by. Not a word, not a sign, regarding Beatrice Ashdale. Inquiries were set on foot by her uncle—in all of which he first took counsel of Roy—and these were made with such precaution that the expense, to say nothing of the trouble, was quite enormous. But the results were disappointing. The case resolved itself into one of those mysterious disappearances which happen from time to time, and puzzle everybody acquainted with the particulars.

Roy's letter had reached his friend Kendryn, and the reply had followed without delay. He was shocked and confounded; but did not question now the theory that Beatrice had abstracted the Packet. He indicated that he would pursue inquiries of his own, and find out, if possible, the present whereabouts of the sister Ernestine. In this latter effort he had no doubt of speedy success. But toward the last of Mr. Kendryn's long reply there was a paragraph which puzzled his correspondent so much that it was perused several times, and always with renewed dissatisfaction.

"You must have a care, Roy. Do not forget the terms of the will. The marriage with Beatrice is now apparently out of the question; but your *second* choice is her sister Ernestine. Ursula is the third. From what I have heard, I judge that Ernestine is even a more beautiful young lady than Beatrice. Little Ursula is the plainest of the three, though rather pretty, I admit. Perhaps you smile as you read this. But take care of *yourself*."

Here was a dark caution which rather piqued, as well as puzzled, the reader. Why was there in this little paragraph a warning against Ursula? Was there not something coarse and insinuating in this warning? Roy was undoubtedly vexed. Ursula Redgrave was, perhaps, not very wise, nor did she pretend to be; but she was just the nicest little creature he ever saw, almost. So bright and open! So unselfish, so affectionate! Here was a warning to be expressly on eyes out for three or four weeks, all about Beatrice. Her tears had touched Roy's ready sensibilities more than once, and so now, in his second letter to Mr. Kendryn, he promised to take excellent care of himself, which he doubtless intended to do; but the latitude of this expression struck him very forcibly as he wrote it. By the time this missive was indited and posted, things at Wilton had assumed pretty nearly their normal condition. Mr. Redgrave had not changed his determination with regard to lifting the gloomy shadow from the house by inviting the country families of the neighborhood to come into it and make merry—the first step toward which was going out to them. To Roy and Ursula was confided this pleasing office. The Winter was unusually mild. As yet there had been neither snow nor ice, and the roads were in admirable condition. Could there be anything more delightful than jaunting about these pleasant days with little Ursula? The autumn scenery was pretty, too, and no doubt about it, thought Roy—and meeting all those cordial people in and about Sheldrake?

Dr. Chasuble and family were really delightful. The good doctor himself—a stout and rosy apostle, with his gray, handsome head, and laughing eyes, and pipe, and slippers, and easy-chair—was just what a clergyman should be. He was at home in a minute. Ursula had run away with the mother and daughters, and the young man sat with the elder in the study, and they talked about books and things through a long hour by the shabby old clock on the mantelpiece, and there was no weariness. Another day the Maynwarings were visited. Those were a little more stately, but very hospitable people, and their house was full of friends, and in this way acquaintance was further diffused. Old Mrs. Fitzallan was not forgotten. A wonderful gossip they found her; but nothing malicious in her humorous store—all sorts of musty histories and queer facts in that merry gray head—and with her great cups and tea and her wonderful tea-cups and tea, was there ever anybody so like a fairy godmother, or something? All this was a new world to Roy. He was beginning to wonder if his solitariness and misanthropy were not a little premature.

But Mrs. Fitzallan, let us not forget to say, had her care, and perhaps it was not very gratifying as her manner while speaking of it might sometimes have indicated. She had a son whose portrait was in the room where she held audience—as a full-length in the velvet of childhood, as a half-length later in life, as a small profile still later; and repeated, she said, in many places else, throughout the house. Perhaps she kept all these reminders because she saw so little of the young man in person. He was not bad-looking, to judge from these works of art, which accorded pretty well; but he had an effeminate and rather foolish face, and his mother made no secret of his faults. He was rakish and extravagant, and the kindly old lady was well aware that he might have been much wiser. Was he not selfish, too? Could there be any mistaking the sign of those thin lips and that retreating chin? But, if so, Mrs. Fitzallan felt not the sting of his ingratitude. She thought that never another son in the world loved mother as Lester loved his.

"He plays, I fear, and bets on the races," she said, with comfortable resignation, "and is very much in debt; but he has a kind heart, and never forgets to come and see poor little mamma."

So matters proceeded. Ursula's visits were returned, and could there be a more cordial host than Archbald Redgrave? He had often said: "I feel out of place shut up here, with the neighbors at a distance and forbidden the gate. It is like a prison. I look on myself as a criminal. At home I am the most popular man in my county. My door is always unlocked, and the key of my larder hangs on the outside, at everybody's disposal. This kind of seclusion is misery to me."

Old Mrs. Fitzallan, who knew all the stories connected with Wilton, and had often seen Percival, said that Archbald Redgrave bore no resemblance to his brother in appearance or character. "You could not have told they were related. Percival was a stern and gloomy man, hypochondriacal, and, I fear, a little demented, my dear. He loved to have everybody think badly of him. Half the tales that were spread through the neighborhood of his awful doings were, I suspect, pure invention, started by himself. Nothing pleased him so much as to believe that people heard his name with a shudder, and looked upon his house as—as—perhaps I had better not say what. This is how his servants controlled him—particularly one James Langdon, his valet. In those days every gentleman had his confidential body-servant, you know."

This old lady, being of a very hospitable turn herself, was quite charmed with Archbald Redgrave, and her introduction to Wilton under such agreeable auspices was full of promise for the future. This promise was not belied. The house was soon gay with comers and goers, and a world of junketing and pleasure began. The workmen came and set to work about the repairs. The artificial lake which had long ago gone to decay and ruin was given in a little while, as if by magic, a beauty such as it had, perhaps, not known even in the days of its pristine loveliness. The grounds had always been kept in some kind of order, but were never made beautiful as they deserved. It was the season of cheerlessness and desolation; but what could be done was not neglected. In the very time of January the lake would freeze, and what a wonderful skating-pond it would make! With the grounds all lighted up, and some music, and all the guests, Mr. Redgrave felt himself justified in promising a glimpse of the glories of St. Petersburg.

To the house itself nothing was done. It would have been a sort of vandalism to attempt "improvement" here; so the stains and decay of the past were suffered to remain untouched, and Wilton was still the mansion of the long-gone and forgotten nobility of another clime to whom it had once belonged.

In the whirl of all this industry and pleasure, Beatrice and the Missing Packet were forgotten, it is to be feared. Roy was entirely occupied with Ursula and the many pleasures which they shared together, and he did not notice some things so soon as he might have done had matters remained as they were in the beginning. For example, he did not observe that all the old servants were gradually displaced for others chosen from a distance by Archbald Redgrave. Only Martha Allan was retained, at Roy's special request. It was her asking this favor of him that first drew his attention to the interior alterations that had proceeded unobserved. Miss Pin was no longer the silent housekeeper of old. An absolute transformation had come about. The absurd hood and gray dress were thrown aside. She was radiant in modern fashions—sometimes flounces and silks—and with that beautiful hair, gorgeously dressed, was altogether a most brilliant lady. Perhaps long disuse had injured the delicacy of her taste; for were not those gay dresses rather glaring, and perhaps a little vulgar? She was not now so reticent; on the contrary, she talked a very great deal. The things she said were possibly not very wise, nor very new, nor even quite unexceptionable as to grammar; but they were good-humored, and people laughed at them—or was it at her?

Those who had the good fortune to live in the time of the great Mr. Kean, of tragic memory—Hazlett among the number—tell us that in his performance of the Duke of Gloster, when the conspirator is seen at the beginning of the fourth act of the play seated on the throne as King of England, there was in Mr. Keans delivery of the words "Stand all apart!" something marvelous. There was another man before the audience. Voice, bearing, look, all were changed. Roy Bellington began to perceive quite another man in Archbald Redgrave. He was no longer timid and unobtrusive. In meeting the people who came to Wilton he met them cordially, as I have said, and as host should do; but he met them—or Roy was very much mistaken—as master of the place. By degrees he had ceased to confide any of his projects to the young man; but now orders were given and executed, and the first intimation of any change was after it had taken place. Moyston was still his prime-minister, but he no longer deigned to frequent the servants' hall.

Mr. Moyston's duties were a mystery to Roy. He seldom left Wilton, and was always about the house, and at any hour of the day you might have heard his deep-brazen tones, talking, laughing or singing—for he was a merry gentleman in his way—and generally smoking a pipe, of which he had a great variety.

The firmest souls have a weak spot somewhere, nor was Moyston an exception. The fact was amusing, but undoubted. This very practical person had fallen violently in love with the housemaid. Like the lover in Shakespeare, he had a fondness for inditing sonnets to his mistress' eyebrows and other features, all of which poetical tributes he conscientiously copied out of suitable books in the library, and signed his own name to, with a flourish. Nor was he deterred from this sort of amorous expression by the small fact that Martha Allan could not read. Perhaps she had never mentioned the matter to him. But it was through this infirmity, or whatever you please, on the girl's part that Roy became so fully acquainted with Mr. Moyston in the character of the sighing Strephon, which was certainly a very ludicrous role for him.

And so every day Roy had the pleasure of reading many excellent verses in praise of Martha's charms, which Mr. Moyston attributed to himself, but which had not found birth in his dull brain. The object of these glowing tributes received them with some amusement; but perhaps not without expressing a very natural pleasure. The "manager," as he was called, was of a certain type of manly beauty which doubtless had value for the female eye; and then, was he not so awfully stern and fierce sometimes? His voice in anger had made many a heart fall among the retainers of this fine old establishment, and had brought the pallor to many a cheek. When he was playful, was it not almost a little more disconcerting than his anger? But here had fallen a victim to Martha's comely proportions—Cupid had sent a bow-shot missile straight to his broad bosom, and he was suffering from the wound like ordinary mankind—so, was not some pride permissible?

In love, as we know, the feminine rule is to be cruel, and it holds good, unlike most laws, high and low. The housemaid was cruel toward Mr. Richard Moyston, and not all his melting poetry seemed to have any effect upon her obdurate heart. He might have languished but for his tobacco and brandy flask; but these seemed to keep up his spirits pretty well, and enable him to continue his wooing.

Thus the Winter deepened. The wide gates were thrown open, and people went and came, and even some of Archbald Redgrave's friends from his own county appeared. There were several dinner-parties—not such homely affairs as poor Mrs. Davids would have provided for, but rather stately refections, numerously attended, sources of a surprising amount of gossip in little Sheldrake afterwards.

All these proceedings, as far as he was unused, were by no means a cause of dissatisfaction in the neighborhood, even to those who had no share in them. It was pleasant to hear about them at least, and a pride to speak of them in turn. And so all things were going on very well. Roy Bellington was very happy. That he not begun to like little Ursula really well? Was there any tenderness in the feeling? Place two such agreeable young people much together—so particularly pleasing to each other—and, I think, no wise man will be answerable for the consequences. Beatrice was gone. Ernestine he might never see. What, then, was to prevent him from falling in love with his bewitching little gipsy just as much as he pleased?

He did not commit himself so much as by a single word; but are there not looks and tones which you and I, without the circle, and merely looking on, would not be able to interpret—perhaps would not even notice? If, in this case, there were any such tendencies, it may be very safely assumed that Ursula understood them all. At any rate, it certainly was a little odd that Roy's correspondence with his friend Kendryn began to languish more than the young man could have believed a few weeks before. The lawyer's kindly and wise letters had always been eagerly consulted at the instant of arrival; but now they would "keep cool," in Swift's phrase, and sometimes they remained unopen for a day or two.

But yet he very punctually answered these letters when they were read, and sometimes at some length and in a very agreeable vein. Roy hinted at the many changes that had taken place at Wilton since his friend's hurried departure that night, and now how very gay matters were now in contrast with their former dullness. Occasionally he mentioned the scraps of gossip he had gathered in his junketings, and in this way his foolscap was filled and duty done.

He never mentioned Ursula.

And now one of those unexpected incidents took place which seem to fall out just when we are most happy. Roy had learned to like Archbald Redgrave, and even to admire him. Those distrusts which had haunted him before had now all vanished. About Mr. Redgrave's course here at Wilton, his sudden assumption of absolute control, and the use he made of his new authority, Roy had no particular opinion. He had seen all the events I have so hastily indicated take place; but was too much absorbed in his own affairs to analyze or even wonder.

It was just at this state of affairs that Roy one afternoon, suddenly took a whim to visit the north wing by daylight. It was raining outside, and he felt listless, and perhaps the least bit ennuied. Without further ado he put down his book—over which he had yawned until the exercise was no longer endurable—and set forth.

It was Dick Moyston.

"Where are you going, sir?" he said. "No one is allowed to enter the north wing. You can't pass."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WIND PLAYS A PRANK.

He spoke in a sharp, decided tone that meant no trifling. He was without his hat, which he generally wore in the house as well as outside, and, as usual, was smoking a pipe. Roy drew back a little, amazed.

"I suppose you are not serious," he said, with a faint laugh. He was nettled at the other's tone, which was one to which he was certainly not accustomed.

"I am quite in earnest, sir," said Moyston, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking down at Roy on the step beneath. "I follow my orders only, and am not responsible."

"Pray, whose orders?"

"Mr. Redgrave's. He does not wish anyone to enter the north wing. The doors of the rooms are all locked. I think he is going to make some alterations in the building. The place has a bad name."

"His prohibition does not include any visit I may desire to make," said Roy. "You have misunderstood his instructions."

Moyston smiled, with a kind of sneer lurking about his lips.

THE VOKES FAMILY.

FRED. ROSINA | VICTORIA. | FAWDON. JESSIE.

"The orders are to keep *everybody* out, which I intend to do," he said, with decision. "The workmen and their apparatus next week, and then I suppose the place will be free to visit, if you continue in the mind."

"Mr. Redgrave has no right to confine me, or any one, to a particular quarter of the house. He exceeds his authority and office here altogether," rejoined Roy very angrily. "The property is not his, any more than yours or mine. You must let me pass."

Moyston wagged his head with that malign smile which was so peculiarly his own, and resumed his pipe, smoking short puffs.

"I have nothing more to say, sir. If you attempt to go by me I shall be obliged to use force."

"Oh," said Mr. Redgrave, with some amazement, and returning to full consciousness of his visitor, "Moyston is a little abrupt, but the best-natured fellow in the world. You must not mind him."

"I had no intention of minding him," returned Roy, "but he was determined not to let me pass, even if he should be compelled to exert his bodily strength. I was, of course, aware he had misunderstood his instructions, and I knew the shortest way to end the difficulty would be to report the matter to you."

Mr. Redgrave nodded courteously. "Quite right. He is a precise, machine-like sort of creature, is Dick Moyston, but has an honest heart. With all that ruggedness of character, there is still a surprising warmth beneath. By the way, have you seen my little Ursula in the last hour?"

"I think she is practicing her music. I heard someone at the piano."

"Poor child! When you knocked a few minutes ago, I supposed it was she, and, very oddly, I was thinking of her at the time. My reverie was a little melancholy, I fear, but very natural. I was wondering what would become of her when I am gone. She is young and innocent, and I fear will never be any wiser in the world's ways. I am no longer young, and do not pretend to think myself so. I shall not stay many years more, and I must leave my child behind me—without a protector; without, perhaps, one real friend."

His sweet voice was attuned to a particularly sad key, and, as he looked away into the glowing fire, was there not a moisture about his eyes, an unmistakable quivering of the lips?

"She seems to have some hidden grief or care—have you not noticed it? Now and then I have caught her sighing so deeply that I am sure it was real distress. At first I imagined it was all due to the disappearance of Beatrice, for you know how much they were attached to each other; but closer examination has satisfied me that I was mistaken."

"Young ladies are not the easiest problems to understand," smiled Roy; "but I must confess I did not suspect Miss Ursula had a hidden care."

"She has, Roy, and it troubles me. I don't mind confessing the fact. Another thing suggested itself to me—very ridiculous it appeared at first, but more plausible as I examined it. I asked myself, could she be in love?"

He looked straight into Roy's eyes, and those handsome orbs fell, and a faint tinge of color rose to the young man's cheeks. In spite of himself he felt a little embarrassed—was it elation, or what? A flow had come over him, and there was a curious tremor at the heart.

"If so," continued Mr. Redgrave, not apparently observing this agitation, "her love is unrequited, and that accounts for all her hidden pangs. The feeling is acute for so young a heart, but I take it is innocent and impulsive girl! I recall very easily my own sufferings when I was in love for the first time. I may smile at them now; but the disappointment that followed my attachment certainly cast a shadow upon all my future happiness. The pain itself exists no more; but the memory of it is as vivid as it was on the day it first pierced my heart. Byron has beautifully expressed the idea in those lines:

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay.

My poor little foolish darling, I don't know what to do for her, if hers is really a case of unrequited affection, except take her away. But I must be sure; and as the matter is one I prefer not to meddle directly with myself, I have sent for my friend Dr. Charke, who will be here probably in a few moments. Watson drove to the station an hour ago to meet him," added Mr. Redgrave, glancing at his watch, "and they are probably on their way now."

"I am very sorry to—to hear she is ill," stammered Roy, his confusion not diminished by the information that there was a possibility of the young lady's removal from her present quarters.

"She is, as I begin to look upon it, seriously ill. Miss Pin has heard her crying in the night; she has lost flesh, color, appetite. Of course *you* do not observe those things, Roy, with so sharp an eye as a parent's—on the contrary, I dare say you never once noticed any of them. Upon my word, I believe I hear Dr. Charke's step now. He is coming up the stairs."

Roy stood up. "I must leave you together," he said, taking no notice of his companion's polite protest at his departure. "And about the north wing, I suppose there is no objection to my wasting a half hour knocking about among the dust and cobwebs there?"

Mr. Redgrave's face darkened again. The look was unmistakably one of extreme annoyance.

"Well, Roy, I should prefer to have *no* one go there, to say the truth. The place is a—a miserable dark hole, and has a bad name. There is a story connected with it, and of all people in the world you ought to be the last to desire to revive the associations of the north wing at Wilton's Wish."

"Why, sir?

"There is a reason. But, there—I don't care to talk about the thing," he answered, rather hastily, his temples flushed. "I don't wish anyone to go there."

"But you seem to forget, Mr. Redgrave," retorted Roy, "that your wishes may not always accord with other people's, and that consequently they may not always be respected." He laughed quietly and icily.

A pale, fierce scowl widened and deepened all over Archbald Redgrave's face as he listened to this speech.

"I shall make them respected, I fancy," he said, head erect and chin high. "I believe I am at present master in this house."

"I should like to know by what right?" answered Roy, quite a-fire as well. "You have no business, it seems to me, to seize upon the property in this way, and shut up one part of the building and forbid anyone to go there. One would suppose some kind of villainy was at the bottom of it."

"What do you mean, sir?" said the old man, with an ashen glare. "I have listened to this sufficiently long. Your force me to say what you should never have otherwise heard from the lips of mine. Your father was killed in the north wing of this house, and my brother's was the hand that took his life!"

"Is it true?" gasped Roy.

"True?" laughed Mr. Redgrave bitterly. "Everybody within twenty miles is aware of it, and of the disgraceful circumstances connected with it. We have respected your feelings hitherto, and have pretended ignorance and all; but the truth is common property in this county, sir."

There was at this stage of the dialogue a noise of shuffling feet outside the door, and Mr. Redgrave, smoothing his countenance, passed by and admitted the visitor he expected—Dr. Charke.

The doctor was a thin, red-whiskered, shabby man—a little bent in figure and moist of eye. He had also, to be frank, a very rubicund nose, pimpled and snuffy; and its ruddy hue did not appear to be the result of good old port, or other rich wine, so much as of more fiery stimulant. He was lean and deferential, and had a peculiar writhing manner, as he entered the room, as if he was not accustomed to the fine things that met his gaze.

By the time the doctor had got in and given his thin, sallow hand to Mr. Redgrave, the latter gentleman's fury had quite passed away, leaving nothing but a faint pink in his cheeks to show that it had ever existed.

Roy would have gone; but he was called back, and he and the physician were introduced.

Dr. Charke had recently been smoking—and evidently it was not a cigar he had smoked; but a particularly rank pipe. He had also been using a vast quantity of snuff during the day, for his high waistcoat was brown with it. These flavors which he thus introduced were mingled with a powerful odor of not very fragrant whiskey; so that altogether this no doubt skillful follower of the art of healing diffused a peculiar perfume around and about.

"Delighted to meet you, sir," he said, with a smirk, as he bowed to Roy. "Very unseasonable weather—unhealthy warmth—isn't it?"

Roy muttered something in reply, and with another slight bow, including both his companions, turned and left them, shutting the door after him.

He went straight to his own room and set his chair down by the wide, old-fashioned window with a crash. Then, seating himself, he fixed his eyes, through the pane, on the sky, which was growing all blue again, to ruminate.

What was it all? What did all this mean? His head was confused. It seemed to him as if he had just come out of a crowd where he had been handled and his hat crushed over his eyes. A row all of a sudden with Archbald Redgrave! Five minutes before on such excellent terms, and, with a flash, followed fierce words and all but blows.

But Roy felt that he was in the right. Perhaps he had been a little too violent in his language; but Mr. Redgrave had no business to close up that or any other portion of the house.

"My father killed there!" mused Roy; "and under disgraceful circumstances. What could they have been?"

He was hot and feverish. He rose and threw up the window. The wind was high, and the clouds above had all been carried out of sight. The evening was fast approaching. Would he have time to write to Kendryn before darkness fell? He thought so.

On the sill, which was like an open tray, he placed his stationery and proceeded to scribble a hasty account of what had occurred. The language he used was vehement, perhaps a little unjust. In the cooler light of the morrow he might have viewed these expressions he was now so swiftly inditing as exaggerated, too highly-colored altogether. Sometimes he termed Mr. Redgrave an "intruder"—again an "interloper"—but the adjectives employed were by no means qualified.

Upon the whole, this performance was imprudent, to say no more. Mr. Kendryn would be alarmed. He was naturally distrustful of Archbald Redgrave—what would he think now when this letter reached him?

Thus wondering and beginning to make up his mind to destroy the sheets he had just covered, Roy glanced down at the quadrangle below. Two persons were there conversing—shabby Doctor Charke and Mr. Redgrave.

"A pretty doctor to visit a young lady!" said Roy. "Poor little thing! In love, is she? With whom, I wonder? Not with me, nonsense! I put *that* quite out of my mind—quite. But this dram-drinking doctor—what will *he* discover? His head is too muddled with tobacco fumes and something worse to understand her case."

He looked up at the sky again in reverie.

"No; I think I shall not send the letter. It is coarse—alarming, too. To-morrow I should be sorry to have posted it. Kendryn, who is very busy, would drop everything and come here by the first train. I shall not send it."

But just as he reached this resolve, the wind, which may have been on the watch, suddenly plucked up the foolish letter from where it lay on the sill, and carried it sailing into space.

It hovered there for a minute—then rose—and then very suddenly and swiftly sank. Roy sat staring at it, opened-mouthed and alarmed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE VOKES FAMILY

were all born in London, Eng.—Fawdon in 1847, Frederick in 1848, Jessie in 1852, Victoria in 1854, and Rosina in 1856. They all made their debut at the Surrey Theatre, in their native city, between the years 1855 and 1860, Fawdon first appearing in a pantomime; Frederick in a farce called "Seeing Wright," in which the celebrated English comedian Mr. Wright appeared; Jessie as the original Teddy Dread, or the Dismal Scamp;" Victoria as Genevieve, in "The Avalanche;" and Rosina as the baby, in the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White," she being then not quite six months old. For a number of years they sustained the leading children's characters at the Surrey and various other London theatres. Among the characters in which they won distinction were Prince Arthur in "King John," the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in "Richard III." Henri in "Belphegor," Little Pickle in "The Spoiled Child," and the leading characters in "The Four Mowbrays." During their career at that time they acted with Samuel Phelps, the late Charles Kean, the late G. V. Brooke, William Creswick, Barry Sullivan, Charles Dillon and Charles Mathews. In 1861 they formed the present combination, and made their first appearance as the Vokes Children at Howard's Operetta-house, Edinburgh, Scotland, Dec. 25, 1861. They began an engagement at the Alhambra, London, as the Five Little Vokeses, in June, 1865, and then made a tour of the provinces, performing in various theatres, when they made their first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Dec. 26, 1868, acting in the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty." On Sept. 4, 1869, they began a three years' engagement at Drury-lane Theatre, London. In the Summer vacation of 1870 they performed with much success in France. This was during the period of the Franco-Prussian War, and on their return to England they were passengers by the last train that left Paris prior to the siege of that city. In 1872 they paid their first visit to America, and made their debut at the Union-square Theatre, April 25 in "The Belles of the Kitchen." After a six months' sojourn they returned to London to fulfill their fourth season at Drury-lane Theatre. They returned to America in 1873, and remained here one year and nine months, during which time they performed in most of our principal cities, and extended their tour to the Pacific slope, meeting with the same degree of enthusiastic favor in San Francisco, Cal., as had been extended to them in the Eastern cities. They again returned to London, Eng., in the Fall of 1874, to fulfill a fifth engagement at Drury-lane Theatre. On Aug. 2, 1875, they commenced their third season in America, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, acting in "The Belles of the Kitchen." Their present visit will extend over a period of three months only, as they are under contract to reappear at Drury Lane, London, at Christmas next, beginning their sixth annual engagement there. Their parents are both living, and always reside in London with the family, when at home. All the members of the troupe were educated by their aunt, Mrs. Field, a highly accomplished lady, who always accompanies them on their travels. Fred and Fawdon are both married, but all the ladies of the company are single. Frederick is an accomplished artist in water-color painting.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

This world is like a mighty ocean.
And on it we are launch'd like ships—
Some get wreck'd by its commotion,
While others safely make their trips;
As we can't always have fair weather,
Then let us mix the shade and shine;
And welcome each, or both together,
For life's but "a question of time."

When we are rich in lands or money
We feel and think ourselves secure,
Basking sweetly in life so sunny,
And forget the days when we were poor.
While gayly thus through life we revel
To the music of dollar and dime,
We forget that Death with his level
Is only "a question of time."

Then while we are sailing so fairly
Over the smooth, calm sea of life,
Let's not forget those who but rarely
Find aught in their voyage but strife;
So let us do good while we're leisure,
And make life a voyage sublime,
For, remember, its sorrow and pleasure
Is only "a question of time."

Vallejo, Cal., July 1, 1875. WM. KNEELAND.

THE BLIND MINER;

OR,

THE TRAGEDY OF KENTUCKY GULCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Burt Wilson, familiarly known in and about Kentucky Gulch as the "Blind Miner," toiled slowly up the mountain-side to where his cabin was situated. It seemed impossible for one deprived of sight to follow the windings of the narrow and dangerous path leading along the brink of precipices down which it made one dizzy to even look. But he hesitated not. Daily use had made him familiar with every step. He had traveled it long before, deprived of sight, going to and returning from labor, and getting, even then, his share from rocker and flume the same as when the fall of a never-to-be-lifted earthly darkness had not fallen upon his eyes. Not that he was as useful, though strong and energetic, but because his "pards" pitied his severe affliction, and looked upon his sterling qualities as pure as the gold for which they toiled.

And there was another reason that, perchance, influenced them still more—made them the more tender, and caused them to keep the company intact, and faithfully hand over a just share of the profits.

That reason—the most potent of all in California before the transition from (at least) semi-outlawism to semi-civilization—was a daughter, and the influence for good, the subtle charm, the respect given to pure womanhood then, can never be rightly estimated. It was such as never before in any locality, and the chances are against its being repeated. Men who had left home and comfort and wife and children—younger men who had left "sweethearts" behind in "the States" for the delusive dream of speedy wealth—looked upon almost anything of femininity as but "little lower than the angels;" and when it embraced youth and beauty, there was scarcely any rational limit to the homage given.

Such was Jeanette Wilson, the one motherless child of the old and sightless miner. Not that she possessed any uncommon share of physical beauty, though gifted with a pair of bright black eyes, an abundance of curling hair of the same inky hue, a well-developed form and a ringing and merry laugh. But she was a woman, and that was sufficient to turn half the heads in the Gulch.

She had come, when but a little child, into the wilderness with her father, had grown up comparatively uneducated, without the society of any of her own sex, had rambled at will with her strong and impulsive nature never checked or trained, and stood upon the verge of womanhood—a rustic beauty—a wild forest flower, very fair to the eyes of the men around her, and treated by them with next to reverence.

Without any guardianship save that of her father, with love free to run riot, with many a tempting lure offered, it was a wonder that she had not yielded to the treaties of some of the younger miners, and married. But such was not the case. She appeared to fancy her own saucy independence too well, and, truth to tell, looked higher than any in the Gulch for a mate.

In that she was not alone to blame. A large portion of it rested upon her father. He had yielded to her the brightest and most beautiful being upon earth, and would have resented as a bitter insult any whisper that she would not have graced the throne of England and outshone the Empress of France. Completely wrapped up in her, he could have seen no fault even had his eyes been those of the eagle, and he consequently fostered and increased the love that was already outrunning safety in dress and somewhat free, coquettish ways. Yet the father was a stern man—guarded the honor of his child to the utmost—his pride in her alone would have made him do so, and he would never have forgiven an insult to her. Indeed, his passion when aroused upon the subject was an ungovernable one, next to insane one, and woe be to him who should cross his path.

As he was toiling up the steep, he was thinking of his child—that she was still unsettled in life—that his own must be nearing its close, and it was time something was done in the matter. According to talk he had once about the matter, when he had gained a point near to where his cabin was situated, when his ever-listening ear caught an unfamiliar sound—one that caused his sightless face to flush and pale by turns, and his strong nerves to shake convulsively.

It was not his Jenny singing—not merrily passing the time, as was usually the case when awaiting his return. Ah, no—a very different sound, and he reeled as a drunken man and sat down heavily. Blindness had trained his hearing as acutely as his touch, and every sound was as clear to him that came from the vicinity of the little cabin as the thunder that rolled about the crests of the Sierras. But at that moment he cursed his want of sight as never before, and for a single brief quarter of an hour of it would have given his life. Yet alas! hearing must now be both eyes and ears for him; and, mastering the terrible emotion of the moment, he crept nearer, hid himself beneath the thickly-growing bushes, and listened with his very soul-strained against losing the slightest word.

Word? Aye, his petted, his idolized daughter was conversing with someone—that someone a man whose voice was unfamiliar to him—and she was pleading earnestly—for what? The longed-for boon was one he could not at first fathom (not having heard the previous conversation), but why should his darling Jenny plead to any man for anything? Even the thought of such a thing almost drove him mad, and made him furious with jealousy.

"You will not deny me this?" said the girl in a harsh and unnatural voice, one trembling with passion, and evidently strained to be kept under control. "You remember your promise—your oath, taken again and again?"

"You are childish—in a hurry, Jenny," was the careless response.

"In a hurry? God knows I have not been—knows that I have waited too long," and passion faded in a heavy sigh.

"Too long? What are you talking about?"

The rustling of the dress of the girl showed that she had arisen and drawn nearer to her companion, and there were a few barely whispered words that the anxious father could not catch—words he would have given all the gold in all the gulches and canons of California (had he been the possessor of it) to have known the purport of. But that was impossible, and he remained with strained hearing until the conversation again became audible.

"Well, what of it?" questioned the man when the whispered communication of Jeanette Wilson was concluded.

"What of it? That you must marry me, as you have both promised and sworn."

"Marry you," and a light and provoking laugh followed the words. "You must be dreaming."

"Dreaming? Great Heaven! Martin Everett, do you intend to put me off in this manner after ——" and the rest was lost in sobs.

The name caught the ear of the listening man, and for a moment it seemed as if the convulsion of rage that shook his gaunt frame would have been fatal. But by an almost superhuman effort he mastered it and continued to listen.

"You cannot, you will not," sobbed the half-distracted girl, "leave me in this cruel—this brutal manner?"

"Who said I was going to leave?" was asked in return.

"No matter; I was told so, and love has made me jealous—very jealous."

"Pshaw! there is not another woman within many miles I would even look at."

"But you will not go—you will marry me?"

"Perhaps," very carelessly.

"You must!"

"Must?"

"Aye, by Heaven, as you swore to do, and I was fool enough to believe true. Martin Everett, I have given you all a woman can give—have believed, have loved you, have loved you—and now you would cast me off as a worthless thing, and leave me to sorrow and misery and shame."

"You are talking wildly, Jenny."

"I am speaking truth. But have you no pity remaining in your heart for me, trusting fool and idiot that I have been? Think of my poor, sightless father. Great God! he would kill me had he the slightest suspicion of ——"

She choked, could not go further, and the form of the old man hidden within the bushes trembled so fitfully and violently that the rustling caused both to start. Yet, as all was silence again, they fancied the cause had but been some freak of the mountain wind, and the girl resumed her pleading, as she sank at the feet of the man she had loved but too well, and raised her clasped hands in entreaty.

"For the love of Heaven—for the memory of your own mother—do not leave me! As you hope for the salvation of your own soul, redeem your promises and make me a lawful wife. I will follow you to the end of the earth, work for you, slave for you, do anything so that I have but the right to look into the sightless face of my father once again as an honest woman."

"As he cannot see, what difference can it make to him?" was the unfeeling question.

The hidden form trembled even more violently, if possible, than before, and the long, sinewy, bony hands clutched the revolver he still carried, although blindness made its use very uncertain. Yet he stirred not, but remained as a serpent in his coil waiting for the moment to strike.

"By Heaven!" hissed the girl from between her set teeth, as she arose and stood before him, with her very soul stung to the quick by the words he had uttered, "you *shall* marry me! As I loved deeply and madly, even so can I hate, and you will find that a woman driven to the wall can become a dangerous plaything. You have often called me beautiful. Now look upon me as a ——"

"Beautiful devil!" he laughed tauntingly.

"Yes—the very term; and beware how you drive me to desperation. Listen well to what I have to say: Before I would meet my father with the crimson blush of shame burning upon my brow, I would shoot you down—laugh at your dying agonies, and, leaping from this high rock, crush out my own life and the little life just pulsating beneath my heart, and give both bodies to the wolves and the vultures to fatten upon. Beware, I say, how you drive me too far!"

"Hush, Jenny! You are letting passion run away with you. Sit down and talk calmly."

The only answer was the sharp click of the cocking of the pistol she drew from her bosom, and which she knew well how to use; and, as she stood before him the incarnation of remorse and despair, with her long hair streaming down upon her shoulders, her black eyes flashing fiercely, every particle of color banished from her face—the line of white and set teeth gleaming from between her lips—she looked indeed that which he had called her—a "beautiful devil."

He trembled and would have fled, base, cowardly soul that he was—attempted to do so—saw that it could not be done—sprang suddenly forward, wrenched the weapon from her hand, and called her by the most taunting and insulting name that can be coupled with pure womanhood.

Instantly the iron form of the enraged father was by her side—instantly the steel-nerved fingers were clutching the throat of her betrayer, and they reeled together to the brink of the precipice. The frantic girl clung to both, wept, implored, endeavored to draw them away. The arms of a dozen strong men could not have done so, and before any thought of their doom they were hurled down, father, daughter and perjured lover, to be crushed into death upon the ragged and sharp rocks hundreds of feet at the bottom!

The Blind Miner and his child received a fitting burial. The betrayer was left to black-throated wolf and foul bird. And even at this late day, when strangers strain their eyes upward from the Gulch to the cliff, and hear the sad and terrible story, it is always with a shudder at the wild tragedy there enacted.

A ROYAL SHOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

John Todd stands six-feet-two in his

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

E. D. G., Sixty-six.—"1. Can the non-dealer call 20 in any suit immediately after trump is turned, first play in the game? 2. If non-dealer calls said 20 or 40, but does not take any trick before dealer gets 66, how many points does dealer make? 3. Can either player discard the nine and take up the trump at any time during game, before having taken any trick?"..... By leading one of the cards on which he bases his claim, and exhibiting the other, he can call 20 at once. As soon as he has taken in a trick, he can count the 20. But if he can call sixty-six, he need not even play a card. 2. Dealer counts three points if he makes 66 before non-dealer gets a trick, no matter what the latter has called. 3. No; he cannot exchange before he has won a trick; nor when the pack has been drawn from down to two cards, even if he has won several tricks, nor if a card has been led after the trump has been turned.

KEELEY MOTOR, Brooklyn.—1. All questions in regard to who are the best players will be answered in our Winter review of the season's play. 2. New York and Brooklyn have formed only the base players. 3. No. 4. Cannot say. 5. The Syivan Dell, it is claimed, has made the run from Peck Slip to Harlem in 26 min. A friend of ours in May, 1874, timed the Shady Side, from Fulton Slip to Morrisania Dock—a trifle longer run than the Dell's—in 28m., with one intermediate landing. 6. A. T. Stewart has a partner. 7. G. B. will 10-20 the stock averages. 8. If it is called an excursion of the Association, it is such, no matter how the bills are footed.

GEORGE AND KATIE VS. WILL AND JOHN.—1. "In playing cribbage, all have played their last card excepting George, who plays a ten spot, making thirty, and has a five left. Who takes the go—George and Katie, or their opponents, Will and John? On claim we (W. and J.) do, on the principle that, if we all had cards, we certainly should. 2. George plays an ace, Will a 3, Katie a 2, and scores three. John a 4 and scores four, George a 5 and scores five, Will a 7 and Katie a 6. Can they score 7 holes for the run? 3. Do cards played the second time round count in runs with cards played first time?"..... 1. George and Katie. 2. Yes. 3. Yes

WEEKLY READER, City.—1. That it is not appreciated by the general listener, nor by one educated in the conventional school of music, and is therefore wearisome or heavy except to those who may be Wagnerian students, and accustomed to the peculiar school. This name refers to the length of the operas, which in their development do not individualize any particular voice, but make each a harmonious part of a great whole, and therefore allow no opportunity for that personal display to which we are accustomed in the grand opera of the present; and they may thus appear to the ordinary regime as wearisome. It is claimed to be an advanced school of music—hence the name.

AZACKS, U. S. Express.—"A match game is in progress between two nines—the outside nine has succeeded in getting two men out, and the captain of the outside nine, finding that his pitcher is being severely punished, wishes to change him, but the umpire refuses; says he will have to wait until the inning is finished. Can he be done, and, if so, where is the rule to be found allowing it?" The umpire did not know his business. The pitcher can be changed at any time or at any point in the game you please. See Sec. 8 of Rule Third, which simply requires the player who has to pitch the ball to stand in the pitcher's position.

CONSTANT READER, Jacksonville.—Is a newspaper libel? Let him take his first papers to a Supreme Court Judge or clerk in Chicago, and apply for a certificate of citizenship. He will have to take with him at least one witness or he will swear that in the interim the applicant has resided for a given time in the States, and for the year preceding in Illinois. He will have to swear that the Judge (the Judge may require someone else's testimony on these points) also) that he is of good moral character, order loving, and attacked to the principles of the Constitution of the United States.

C. W. K., Chelsea.—1. The best three-mile heat on record is 5:27¾, a second heat is 5:29¾, by Norfolk, 4yrs. old, carrying 103lbs., at Jerome Park, L. I., Oct. 21, 1865. Brown Dick comes next with 5:30¾; 5:28, made at New Orleans April 10, 1855. Under Southern rules, he was a three-year-old, and carried but 86lbs.; where he would have been penalized as a four-year-old with 100lb. 3. The fastest time for two and a quarter miles is 3:56¾, a dead heat between Springbok and Preakness, both carrying 114lb, in the race for the Saratoga Cup July 29, 1875.

C. A. FERGUSON, Des Moines, Iowa.—"Suppose the basses are full, and the batter hits a ball so short that the batter is fielded to third base in time to put out the base-runner going from second base, which is the third hand out; and the runner going from third touches the home-plate at the same time the ball is held on third base, is the run to be counted? 2. Does it count if touched before the ball is held on third base?"..... If the player is put out at the same time the run does not count; but if the home plate is touched before the player is put out, then the run counts.

MAT MCARNO.—The meaning sought to be conveyed in the case cited was this: "either you or I have fooled this man." The other is a special form of speech conveying the idea: "Between you and me, somebody else has fooled this man." The publication of the letter was not authorized, was conceded because we see no other way of making use of "between," and at all intelligibly expressing the meaning, except the omitting the comma "by" or inserting it, are alike unsatisfactory, and are not worth shucks in a court of law.

WILL J., St Joseph.—"In a match game of baseball A goes to the bat, assuming a right-handed batting position; before striking the ball he changes it to a left-handed position, and after an interval attempts to change back to right-handed; at this stage of the game has the umpire the right to compel the batter to choose either a right or a left handed position, and compel him to keep it until he makes his base or is put out? 2. A bets the umpire has suited right, and B bets he has not. Which wins?"..... He can bet right or left, as he chooses.

H. B. Key City.—"Please give me your decision on the following: I have a watch. I say to my friend B: 'Give me fifty cents and I will sell you my watch.' He gives me the fifty cents and then claims the watch. The question is, can he claim the watch for the fifty cents, or can I refuse him his $25 for the watch? As you see, I said to B if he would *give* me fifty cents I would *sell* him the watch. The $25 was not paid."..... I would not believe he did not understanding between the parties. It is evident that both were on the "catch."

M. S., Butler.—"A bets Fat Nine will bet Lean Nine. Game tie, ninth inning. Play tenth—tie. B declares bet off. Can he do so?"..... If B is the party with whom A bet, who has presumptively lost, ought not to object to B declaring the bet off. If the game was terminated by rain or darkness, all such bets stand, unless declared off by mutual consent of the bettors. But if the game was terminated by agreement on the part of the clubs, then such bets are off.

C. A. G. M., Ashland.—"A bets B that C Baseball Club would beat D. Club two in one. The games were played with nine innings on each side. When the game was a tie, 11 to 11, both clubs agreed to quit. Now, who wins, A or B?"..... The two clubs having mutually agreed to abandon the contest, the bet is a draw, for this reason. Had they played one or more innings, the score might have been 22 or more to 11. The case differs from that in which the umpire calls game because of rain or darkness.

W. R. C.—Strictly speaking, the bets on the race between Springbok and Preakness are subject to the rules of the course on which it was run. The owners of the horses having elected to divide the stake, instead of running the dead heat off, your bet of $10 to $5, you get $7.50 back. Ordinarily, in minor transactions, or rather in wagers between non-turfmen, but little attention is paid to this rule, which is that of Jerome Park, as well as of Saratoga.

X., Hannibal.—1. C, having straddled B's blind, has the last say simply for the purpose of filling. If C thinks he can raise, he will then have to pay prior to the draw. B retains the age, and, after the draw, can pass and come in again. 2. The player to whom belong cards exposed in dealing can claim them; but those exposed in serving players after the discard must be placed at bottom of pack.

H. B., San Francisco.—1. A's opponent, having declared that the three tens cannot good, cannot subsequently claim the money by showing three kings. 2. A, in allowing B to borrow in the first instance, waived the special agreement that neither player should borrow; and, therefore, could not object to B's borrowing to raise. 3. B's knocking the table was tantamount to a declaration that he was content, and he must play it in his hand.

JAMES STEWART, Philadelphia.—"It must be decided by the aggregate score, which makes Fulton's score decidedly better than Chesterfield's, and which is a fair cricket match a bull's-eye counted but four, whereas at Wimbledon it counts five points. In the match at Dollymount Club, Dublin, A made 99 out of a possible 100, the bull's-eyes counting four, which must also be rated a better performance than that to which your friend alludes.

LEWICKEY, Pittsburg.—A. B. gives every man occupying a base one base; 2. that if there is a man on third, and one at first, and none at second, a balk sends the former home and the latter to second base. 2 You are wrong. 3. That is the case of a ball passing the catcher or striking the umpire that it is then not dead. Any ball hitting the batsman, whether passing catcher or not, is dead.

WM. KING, Eureka.—Steamship time is not computed between this port and Liverpool, in consequence of detention caused by the quarantine regulations. The quickest passage from Sandy Hook to Roche's Point, near Queenstown, is 7.20:00, mean time, by the White Star steamer Baltic. The Adriatic of the same line made the passage westward between those points in 7.23:17, also the best recorded time.

A. W. P., Cambridge.—Hong Kong, China, came into the possession of the British Government in January, 1841, as the result of the war between Great Britain and China, begun in 1839 and ended in 1842. It was our impression that it had been ceded back in 1873, when sundry commercial treaties were negotiated for; but this is not so, as we now "rise to explain."

PRO BONO PUBLICO, Holyoke.—1. A wins. It is not necessary, from the construction put upon the rule, that a presumptively inferior club shall score a run. 2 This question is not plainly written. If it refers to the size of variety theatres in this city, the largest is the Bowery, at 133yds. 1ft. 7½in., by John Hatfield, is the longest baseball throw on record.

F. P. McD., Washington.—"Is Byron the author of the enigma commencing 'Twas whispered in heaven,' or Miss Fanshaw, as credited by W. C. Bryant in 'The Library of Poetry and Song'?"..... If so eminent an authority as Williams attributes the lines to Byron, and Miss Fanshaw, we are quite content to spare ourselves a tedious search, and take the gentleman's word for it.

J. B. Jersey City.—"At cribbage A plays a 4, B a Jack, A a jack, B an ace, A a tray; it now being a go for B, A plays a deuce and takes a run of three. Was A entitled to that run? B says A's play was not worth shucks in a court of law.

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WM. KING, Eureka.—Steamship time is not computed between this port and Liverpool, in consequence of detention caused by the quarantine regulations. The quickest passage from Sandy Hook to Roche's Point, near Queenstown, is 7.20:00, mean time, by the White Star steamer Baltic. The Adriatic of the same line made the passage westward between those points in 7.23:17, also the best recorded time.

A. W. P., Cambridge.—Hong Kong, China, came into the possession of the British Government in January, 1841, as the result of the war between Great Britain and China, begun in 1839 and ended in 1842. It was our impression that it had been ceded back in 1873, when sundry commercial treaties were negotiated for; but this is not so, as we now "rise to explain."

PRO BONO PUBLICO, Holyoke.—1. A wins. It is not necessary, from the construction put upon the rule, that a presumptively inferior club shall score a run. 2.

Countess sold second choice, and the Kentucky division stood so steadily by Leander that he was made third choice, pools selling as under:

McDaniel	$325	$400	$600	$850
Countess	155	205	440	555
Leander	85	105	360	325
Caroline	45	35	90	110
Spindrift	30	40	80	115
Enlister	30	35	65	105
Keene Richards	35	35	80	100
Inspiration	30	40	70	85
Gray Lag	30	35	105	100

After some delay a good start was effected. Enlister and Gray Lag being the offending horses. Countess, Spindrift and Leander were the first to get away, with Caroline, Gray Lag and Keene Richards last of all. Going around the upper turn, Countess and Leander parted company with Spindrift, and ran lapped to the quarter-pole; Spindrift, Inspiration, Enlister and the Naptha filly (the favorite) running abreast immediately behind the two leaders. On the backstretch Countess and Leander increased their lead of the pursuers, Countess passing the half-mile post ahead in 49¾sec., Leander second, Spindrift third, Inspiration (the favorite) and Caroline being the next lot. Spindrift was in difficulties before he had run half way around the lower turn, and both his aspiration and the Naptha filly passed him. As the horses swung into the homestretch Countess was leading, almost lapped by Leander, close on whose heels were Inspiration and the favorite. Midway up Leander resigned the struggle, and Inspiration came on with such a bold front that for a moment she looked dangerous; but, swerving from the spurs at a critical moment, Countess drew away from her, and won a magnificent race by a length in 1:42¾. Inspiration finishing as far before the Naptha filly, who seemed, with the extra 9lb on her, to be deficient in the elegrand speed she had shown on the Cup day in the mile-and-quarter race. Leander was fourth, followed by Spindrift, Enlister, Caroline, Keene Richards and Gray Lag.

THE TWO-MILES-AND-AN-EIGHTH RACE.

for all ages, for a purse of $800, of which $100 and the entrance money, $40 each, went to the second horse, had five runners—Sanford & Main, 6yrs., 114lb; McDaniel & Co.'s Madge, 4yrs., 105lb; Grinstead's Monmouth, 4yrs., 108lb; Lewis & Co.'s Vandalite, 4yrs., 105lb; and Doswell & Co.'s Invoice, 3yrs., 87lb. The betting was heavy on this race, for the respective partisans of the McDaniel and Sanford stables were equally confident, and backed their fancy strongly. The pools sold at the subjoined rates:

Madge	$1,000	$705	$605	$325
Mate	1,000	675	575	330
Monmouth	425	205	370	340
Vandalite	405	225	150	235
Invoice	155	100	125	105

Vandalite made the running from the fall of the flag, and led past the judges' stand two lengths ahead of Invoice; Mate and Madge next, and Monmouth pulling hard, two lengths behind them. Invoice passed Vandalite near the quarter-pole, and forced the pace along the lower and over stretches, but half way up the straight quarter Vandalite again assumed the lead; the mile being run in 1:45. As they passed under the wire Vandalite led Invoice two lengths, the latter as far before Mate, who was the same distance before Madge, with Monmouth whipping in, but still running under a pull. Invoice lapped Vandalite at the turn, and Mate and Madge were close at her heels. Opposite the Belmont stables Mate and Madge went to the front, the latter leading two lengths at the half-mile pole, and the race evidently confined to the pair. Inch by inch Hayward on Mate crept up to the filly, lapped her at the turn into the homestretch and challenged for the lead. A magnificent race between the two ensued, both running head-and-head to the furlong pole, where Clark was obliged to use his whip to keep Madge going, the two miles having been run in 3:34. With rare judgment Hayward had carefully nursed his horse for a final effort, and, calling upon Mate, he gallantly responded to the persuaders, and, shaking off Madge, he galloped home, amid tremendous applause, an easy winner by two lengths in 3:36½, the best time by a second and a half on record. Madge was second, ten lengths before Monmouth, Vandalite fourth and Invoice fifth, both beaten off.

THE THREE-MILE RACE,

for a purse of $650, mile heats, over four hurdles; $150 of the purse to the second horse, had six runners handicapped at the following rates: Dorsey's Cariboo, 5yrs., 138lb.; Green's Daylight, 5yrs., 134lb.; Lawrence & Lorillard's Bullet, 6yrs., 158lb.; Bruce's Warrior, 4yrs., 133lb.; Elwe's Prodigal Son, 4yrs., 141lb.; Taylor's Minnie Mac, 5yrs., 136lb., and Torrence's g. g. by Tipperary, 4yrs., 140lb. The pool-betting was as under:

Daylight	$240	$285	$260
Cariboo	105	80	65
Bullet	130	105	110
Torrence's gelding	145	155	225
Minnie Mac	110	100	105
Prodigal Son	50	40	30
Warrior	50	30	45

First Heat.—Minnie Mac and Bullet went off in front, and leaped the first hurdle together, a length before Daylight, Cariboo and Warrior, who took it abreast. Minnie took the second hurdle before Cariboo, but nearly fell, and Donohue's horse assumed the lead, with Minnie a third and Daylight next, the others following in Indian file. Minnie Mac gained rapidly on Cariboo, and was at his quarters as the third hurdle was reached, which she cleared in fine style; Warrior third, Daylight fourth, Bullet fifth, and Prodigal Son next, just in front of the Tipperary gelding. The fourth and last hurdle was taken in the same order of position; Cariboo making a fine finish winning by three lengths from Daylight, with Warrior third, Minnie Mac fourth and Bullet last. Time, 1:56¾.

Second Heat.—Cariboo now sold for $500, Torrence's gelding $255, Field $300. The Tipperary gelding jumped the first hurdle in advance of Daylight, Minnie Mac and Cariboo; but on landing, at the latter took up the running and led a full length at the second hurdle. On the backstretch Daylight closed on Cariboo and both jumped the next hurdle together, leading the others half a dozen lengths as they turned into the homestretch. The last hurdle was jumped by Cariboo and Daylight simultaneously, but the Tipperary gelding blundered and fell; Bullet taking third and Warrior fourth place. A splendid and artistically ridden finish between Cariboo and Daylight resulted in the judges giving it a "dead heat." Time, 1:52¾.

Third Heat.—Betting, $300 Cariboo to $250 on Daylight. Both horses got away together (all the others having been sent to the stable for not winning a heat), and they jumped the first hurdle together. Daylight then drew clear of Cariboo, and took the second and third hurdles before him; Cariboo, however, got on even terms on the lower stretch, and both leaped the last hurdle side by side. Both now commenced driving, and a magnificent race ended in Cariboo's winning the heat and race by a short head in 1:53¾.

CLEVELAND CLUB TROTTING MEETING.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, JULY 27.

The annual Summer trotting meeting of the Cleveland Association commenced on Tuesday, July 27. The weather was favorable, the attendance large, and the track in excellent order for trotting. The first race was for a purse of $2,000 for horses that had never beaten 2:38, for which eight out of the nine horses entered came to the post. These were Wineman's Duke, Green's Clemmie, Rudd Doble's Idol (by Sandhill), Bailey's (or rather merely Honest Joe), Voorhis' Sam, Ewing & Williams' Tearaway, Wilson's Belle Porter, and Doble's Preston. The two last named confined the horses were standard bred, Preston was the favorite at $50 against $100 for the entire field; but, acting badly, was shut out; Sandhill winning the heat in 2:28¾, Duke second and Idol third. Belle Breeze was then backed at even money against the field, but the layers got the worst of it, although he won the second heat in 2:28¾, and became favorite at $50 to $25 against the rest combined. The judges had made something in the driving of Duke which aroused their suspicions, and they ordered Wineman to surrender the reins of Duke to Rudd Doble. He demurred strongly to this, protesting he was driving to win, but had to submit, and Duke at once became a hot favorite over the field. He won the third heat easily in 2:27¾, and Doble said he could have driven him in 2:22 had it been necessary. He won the fourth heat equally easy, again waiking the horse over the score in 2:30, and the fifth heat and race in 2:29¾, Breeze taking second money, $500, and Sandhill third, $300.

The second trot was for a purse of $4,500, for horses that had never beaten 2:24, the winner taking $2,700, second $1,125, third $675, fourth $450. Five horses entered and started —Budd Doble's Clementine, Green's May Queen (formerly Nashville Girl), Chamber's Molsey, Van Ness & Saunders' own Lucille Golddust, and Ruby's Gen. Garfield. The last-named horse won the first heat in 2:22¾, but was distanced in the third heat. Clementine won the second heat in 2:23, May Queen the third in 2:21¾, Clementine the fourth in 2:25, and Golddust made a dead heat with May Queen of the fifth in 2:21¾, and won the sixth heat and race in 2:23. The time of all the heats was very fast, the last one being only half a second slower than the first heat. May Queen took second money, and Molsey third. The running race for a purse of $700, mile heats, was won by Forbes' Vicksburg, beating War Jig, Daisy Miller and Gal Ricely in 1:42¾, 1:44.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.

The attendance was very large, fully 12,000 people being on the track, which was in superb condition, and very fast. The first event was for 2:29 horses for a purse of $3,000, divided into $1,800 to first, $750 to second and $450 to third horse. Eight entered and started— Burgess' York State, Hibbert's Little Fred, Burt's Eva, Crawford's Annie Collins, Pawcett's Albert, Bailley's Shanty, Olmstead's Sam West and Foster's Scotland. Eva won the first heat in 2:28¾, Little Fred the second in the same time, and York State the third, fourth and fifth, and the race, in 2:23¾, 2:26¾, 2:25. The judges admitted that Charley Green for the driver of York State in the third heat, but suspected he was pulling the horse, and the change was a good one, for he won the next three heats easily. The next race was for 2:18 horses, for a purse of $6,000, of which $3,600 were to the first, $1,500 to the second, and $900 to the third horse. The starters were Rudd Doble's Judge Fullerton, W. H. Doble's Lady Maud, and Foster's Nettie. Judge Fullerton won the first heat by fifty yards from Lady Maud; Nettie, who broke badly, barely saving her distance. He won the second heat in 2:18, the last he ever trotted, and the best time ever made on the Cleveland track. The third heat and race he won in 2:19¾; Lady Maud second in every heat.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, JULY 29.

A heavy rain the night before made the track heavier and slower than the previous day, but the attendance was the largest of the season, being estimated at 15,000 people. The first race was for the 2:37 class, for a purse of $2,500, given into $1,250 to first horse, $625 to second, $375 to third, and $250 to fourth. Idol won the first heat in 2:26¾, and the second in 2:28½; Lady Turpin the third in 2:28¾, and the fourth in 2:29¾; Lew Lewinski the fifth in 2:30¾; Lady Turpin, Idol and Lewinski started for the sixth heat, which the latter won in 2:27¾ after a close race with Idol. Darkness coming on, the consideration of the race until the following day, each of the above three horses having won two heats. On resuming the race Lewinski won the seventh heat and race in 2:28½. The little mare was the winner though of only this heat 12 to 1 was the current price against him in the pools.

The second race was for horses that had never beaten 2:22, for a purse of $5,000, divided into $3,000 to the first, $1,250 to the second, and $750 to the third horse. This was the most interesting race of the meeting, and the betting was very heavy, the odds of the six horses backed—Dr. Doty's c. g. Thomas L. Young, C. S. Green's b. m. Lucille Golddust, Simmons' b. m. Bella, W. H. Doty's b. m. Cosette, and E. Penistan's c. g. Grafton. The betting was even on Grafton against the field. In the first heat the favorite got off badly, and left his feet on the first turn, losing 100yds. Cosette and Lucille Golddust led the field; the former turning into the homestretch a length into Thomas L. Bella and Thomas L. Young several lengths behind, and Grafton far in the rear. At this point Grafton displayed an astonishing burst of speed, and, with a rush, challenged like an electric flash, passing Bella and Young as if they were standing still, and finishing third to Cosette and Golddust, having trotted the last quarter in 31¾ seconds; Cosette winning the heat by two lengths in 2:28. The start was a bad one in the second heat, Bella getting off in front, with Cosette next, and Grafton third. The latter broke up badly and fell behind. Lucille Golddust took the lead on the second quarter, and held it until with thirty-five forty yards of the score, when Grafton came with a tremendous burst of speed, shooting up and lessening the gap from the half-mile pole, and won the heat in 2:24½; the last half being trotted in 9:06½. In the next heat, it appearing that all the drivers had combined to defeat Grafton, the latter was sent to the front at the scoring, and the judges deserve severe condemnation for sanctioning them in their action. Finally the word was given and Grafton took the lead, but on the first turn Lucille Golddust passed the favorite's sulky, causing him to leave his feet, and before he was steadied both Lucille and Cosette passed him. When, however, Grafton settled into his stride he rapidly overhauled and passed the others, and beat them to the score twenty lengths; Lucille Golddust second, and Cosette third. Young distanced; time, 2:25¾. In the fifth and deciding heat Grafton broke at the start and fell to the rear, but when he again struck a square trot he passed the others with perfect ease, and won the heat and race in 2:26; Lucille taking second, and Cosette third money.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, JULY 30.

The first race on the programme of the last day of the meeting was a two-mile running race for a purse of $800; the winner taking $450, the second horse $200, and the third $120. Four horses started—War Jig, George Rice, Vicksburg, and Queen of Diamonds. War Jig won by a head from Vicksburg in 3:34¾, George Rice third. The trot for horses that had never beaten 2:27, for a purse of $3,800, came next, the first horse taking $2,100, the second $875, and the third $525. Eight horses started—viz., Page's b. g. Rarus, Broadhead's c. g. Mazomanie, Patterson's b. m. Belle Brassfield, McManus' b. m. Carrie, Armstrong's c. m. Mollie Morris, Burt's b. m. Eva, Hughes' b. g. Bertie, and Doble's w. g. Snowball. Mollie Morris won the first and second heats in 2:22¾, 2:20¼, Bertie being distanced in the first heat in consequence of the mare running away and throwing out her driver. Carrie won the third heat in 2:24½, and Rarus the next three heats and race in 2:24¾, 2:23¼, 2:23¾, Time in the second race, for a purse of $5,000; $3,000 to first, $1,250 to second, and $750 to third horse. Goldsmith Maid, Lula and American Girl started, the first named winning in three straight heats; time, 2:18¾, 2:19¾, 2:19¾. Lula took second, and American Girl third money. The last race was for the purse of $2,000, for horses of the 2:34 class; divided into $1,000, $600, $300, and $200 for first, second, third, and fourth horses. Five started —Davis' br. m. Sophia Temple, Ewing & Williams' blk. s. Carlisle, Wilson's br. g. Frank, Forbes' ch. g. John W. Hall, and Doble's s. m. Nerea. John W. Hall won the first heat in 2:31¾, Nerea the second in 2:30¾, the third in 2:28¾, and the fourth and race in 2:26¾.

THE GOODWOOD RACES.

The annual race meeting at Goodwood, Eng., was held during the past week, with that success usually attending this, one of the leading fixtures on the British turf calendar. The code furnishes us with the appended summaries of the principal events decided:

RACING DAY, July 28.—The Goodwood Stakes (handicap), of 25 sovs. each, 15 sovs. forfeit, and 5 sovs. only if declared, with 300 added; second to receive 100 sovs.; two miles and a half; fifty-seven subscribers, thirty-two of whom declared.

Mr. Heneage's c. h. Freeman, by Kettledrum out of Hackler, 6 yrs 1
Mr. Berkley's b. h. Bertram, by the Duke out of Constance, 6 yrs 2
Lord Scarborough's br. c. Escort, by Ratapian out of Chaperon, by Flatcatcher 3 yrs 3

Betting: 5 to 1 against Freeman, 14 to 1 agst Bertram, and 2 to 1 agst Escort, who was the favorite. Thirteen started.

THIRD DAY, July 29.—The Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., added to a subscription of 20 sovs. each, half forfeit; second receives 100 sovs.; two miles and a half; 24 subscribers.

Lord Aylesbury's b. f. Aventuriere, by Adventurer out of Cantine, 4 yrs 1
Sir J. D. Astley's br. c. Scamp, by The Rake out of Lady Sophie, 4 yrs 2
W. R. Marshall's br. c. Trent, by Broomielaw out of The Mersey, by Newminster, 4 yrs 3

Betting: 7 to 1 against Aventuriere, 10 to 1 agst Scamp, 11 to 1 agst Trent, and 5 to 2 agst Apology (the favorite). Seven started.

THE STEAMER DEAN RICHMOND will make daily excursions for the convenience of those desiring to attend the trotting races at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 3, 4, 5, 6, leaving Pier 41, N. R., at 7.30 A. M., and returning each day at the close of the races.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

PROFESSIONAL.

Aug. 3, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven.
Aug. 4, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 4, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 5, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 6, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 7, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 3, Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 4, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 5, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 6, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 7, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 12, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 14, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 16, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 17, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 18, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 21, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 23, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 25, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
Aug. 26, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 28, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

AMATEUR.

Aug. 3, Shibe vs. Burlington, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 3, Quickstep vs. Medis, at Wilmington.
Aug. 4, Quickstep vs. Keystone, at Wilmington.
Aug. 4, Shibe vs. Excelsior, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 4, Quickstep vs. Chicago at Wilmington.
Aug. 4, Quickstep vs. Catarract, at Melrose.
Aug. 5, Hoboken vs. Pavonia of Jersey City, at the Elysian Fields.
Aug. 3, T. B. F. U. S. vs. Reliance, at Capitoline Ground.
Aug. 3, T. B. F. U. S. of Bridgeport vs. Chelseas of Brooklyn, at New Haven.
Aug. 4, Olympics of Manhattanville, N. Y., vs. Rhode Island, at Providence, R. I.
Aug. 5, Olympics of Manhattanville, N. Y., vs. Providence at Providence, R. I.
Aug. 6, Atlantics vs. Atlantics, at Melrose.
Aug. 6, Olympics of Manhattanville, N. Y., vs. Rose Hills, at Waterbury, Ct.
Aug. 7, Staten Islands vs. Atlantic of Jamaica, at Jamaica.
Aug. 7, Olympics of Manhattanville, N. Y., vs. T. B. F. U. S. at Bridgeport, Ct.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The close of July leaves the professional championship contestants three months wherein to finish the grand race for the pennant. The Boston Club started with a winning lead, and, as the chances up the championship record is a better position for winning the pennant than in any season they have played in since their organization, July 31 saw them credited with thirty-seven legal victories, and forty-eight legal defeats out of professional contests in all; and the other hand they stand charged with but four defeats. This is a record never before equaled in the history of the Professional Association. Now, to what is the success due? Is it to the acknowledged fact that their pitcher and catcher have no superiors in the professional arena, and that in the majority of the other positions on their field they have players noted for their skill? We say no. What is it, then? asks the reader. It is, in the first place, that the Boston Club team has been in the hands of a capable field captain and manager of the first class. Secondly, that the club organization proper is one under the auspices of gentlemen who seek only to present a self-supporting corps of players who can at once and the same time do credit to themselves and their club by their conduct on and off the field, while at the same time acting as exemplars of the most attractive features of our national game. Thirdly, that in the management of the nine the leading element of success in the game has been made a feature, and that is that the team have been trained to "play for the side," to work together for as a whole, to study and practice all the points of the game, as batting, fielding, and base-running, and always to play earnestly and persistently to win for the credit of the club, *and for nothing else!* It is not the individual skill of the players, but the fact of their being the best-trained, best-disciplined, and best-working team there is in the arena that has contributed to the almost invariable success of the nine. Gradually the change presented by the Boston club is being followed by other organizations. Hartford has come into line, St. Louis has followed suit, and the Athletics have at last discovered that "the Boston plan," after all, is the only correct one, and now they are working more to bring their team under the same efficient control than they have ever attempted to do before. The Chicago baseball experiment has hitherto been a failure, simply because they lost sight of the important elements of success in a team to which we have referred. Apparently they are on the right road, though they have taken a rough way of getting on it; and therefore in 1876 they may get a team together which will carry out the "Boston plan" more completely than has been attempted before.

The record shows the now strong team of the Athletics a good second, while the struggle for third position in the race lies between St. Louis and Hartford, the latter having the place at present, but how long they will retain it is a problem August's play will no doubt solve. Their strong team has not come up to expectation. Whether it is the captain or his men or the directors who are at fault, we know not, but certain it is something is "out of kilter." They have failed to trouble the Bostons after five trials; they have lost two out of three with St. Louis, are tied even with the Athletics, two and two; and only with the Atlantics and New Havens have they gained any special advantages, and not with the latter lately. The Mutuals are now sinking fast to the tail end, the latter having closed up with Chicago and taken a slight lead. The others may be said to be nowhere, as the record below shows:

Clubs.	Boston	Athletic	Hartford	St. Louis	Chicago	Mutual	New Haven	Atlantic	Red Stocking	Games Won
Boston		1	5	5	5	5	6	3	4	37
Athletic	1		2	0	6	1	4	7	6	27
Hartford	1	2		2	1	3	4	3	3	24
St. Louis	1	0	2		4	3	6	2	2	22
Philadelphia	0	1	1	2		1	3	5	1	18
Chicago	1	0	2	3	1		2	2	3	17
Mutual	1	0	1	2	0	4		2	2	15
New Haven	0	0	1	0	1	0	1		0	4
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1		3
Red Stocking	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Games lost	4	9	16	11	22	19	22	26	29	13

Clubs.	Games Played	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Drawn	Per Centage
Boston	41	37	4	0	.902
Athletic	41	27	14	0	.658
Hartford	41	24	17	0	.585
St. Louis	41	22	19	0	.536
Chicago	41	17	24	0	.414
Mutual	41	15	26	0	.365
New Haven	41	4	37	0	.097
Atlantic	41	3	38	0	.073
Red Stocking	41	1	40	0	.024
Philadelphia	41	18	23	0	.439

The following is the complete record for July:

July 1, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis ..... 14 to 2
July 2, New Haven vs. Boston, at New Haven ..... 10 to 7
July 3, Boston vs. Hartford, at Boston 3
July 3, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago (11 inn's.) 8 to 5
July 3, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia 3
July 3, Red Stocking vs. Washington, at Cincinnati 0
July 5, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis ..... 13 to 2
July 5, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford 7
July 5, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 3
July 5, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia .. 20
July 5, Boston vs. New Haven, at New Haven 8
July 7, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford 9
July 8, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford 6
July 8, Boston vs. Athletic, at Boston 3
July 8, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia 4
July 9, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 9
July 10, St. Louis vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia 6
July 10, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston 5
July 10, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn 5
July 12, St. Louis vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 6
July 13, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (13 inns.) 7
July 13, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 2
July 14, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford .. 8
July 14, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston 7
July 15, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford 4
July 15, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago 10
July 17, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn 10
July 17, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn 6
July 17, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Hartford .. 14
July 19, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston 7
July 19, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn .. 13
July 19, Athletic vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia .. 23
July 19, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven .. 4
July 20, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn .. 12
July 21, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven .. 1
July 21, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn .. 16
July 21, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston 16
July 21, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Hartford 6
July 22, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven (10 innings) 4
July 22, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia .. 9
July 23, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia 6
July 23, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia .. 6
July 23, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn .. 9
July 24, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston 2
July 24, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn 8
July 24, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia 11
July 24, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven .. 4
July 26, Chicago vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia 5
July 27, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia (8 innings) 11
July 27, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford 4
July 28, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn 11
July 28, Boston vs. Chicago vs. St. Louis, at New Haven 4
July 28, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia. 4
July 30, St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Hartford 7
July 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn 1
July 31, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn 15
July 31, Boston vs. New Haven, at Boston 8
July 31, St. Louis vs. Hartford, at Hartford 7

Totals								491	162

It will be seen that fifty-nine games were played during the month, giving an average of 8 runs and 19 per cent. in game for the winning nines, and but 2 runs and 44 over for the losing nines, the best average on record.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

In conversation with that intelligent and gentlemanly member of the Hartford Club, Commissioner Morgan G. White, recently, we were surprised to learn from him that the rule prohibiting clubs from making engagements for an ensuing season in the midst of an existing season was regarded by players generally as "a dead-letter law," they deeming it "an infringement of their rights," so Mr. White said. If any players act on this idea this season, and go to work signing contracts and making agreements to play with other clubs before the close of the season, they will, undoubtedly, find it a pretty expensive violation of the rules to them; for, if we mistake not, club-managers have come to the conclusion that it is vital to their club interests that this special rule should be strictly observed. We cannot see what rights of the players there are which are as all-interfered with by this law. Surely they do not claim as one of these rights the permission to go to work and try and get an engagement with another club at a higher salary, within a month or two of their signing to do service for a whole season in the club they belong to? The season closes Nov. 1; that leaves five months before any play is commenced in the following season, and this is time enough ample opportunity to find a good market without seeking one while they are bound to service in the club they are with. We learn that the Boston Club have engaged Leonard, one of the finest general players in the profession, for three years. This is thought to be a good plan, as it gives a player a *home feeling* for the club he plays with, which cannot well be possessed by players who are in the habit of going from one club to another each year. Half the value of McBride's service to the Athletic Club lies in the fact that he has never having deserted the colors since he joined the club. Of course it does not follow that a player having joined a club should feel himself obliged to remain with it; but it is very apparent that the longer a player remains in one club's service, the more he is likely to make that club's interests identical with his own; and it is in this very fact that much of the strength of a nine lies in working together for the credit of a club.

There is no questioning the fact that the custom of engaging players for the ensuing season, before the close of an existing season, is damaging alike to the interests of the club who loses the players and to the best interests of the professional fraternity. It is right and proper that there should be a penalty prohibiting it; and also important that there should be strictly enforced. There are such laws now on the statute book of the Association, and we hope to see them strictly enforced. Do not hesitate in the matter, but at once expel from your club every player who signs any contract or agreement to play in another club than the one he has held to service in, except he has a written release from his engagements. The Chicago Club has tempted the players of the Boston and Athletic Clubs to accede from their respective organizations by the offers of large salaries. These players, of course, are only bound verbally to leave these clubs November 1, for they cannot legally be bound to do so; and, therefore, there is nothing in the way of their failing to carry out their verbal agreement in case any other club should offer them more than the Chicago Club has done. Suppose Boston should say to Spalding and White "Stay with us, and we will give you a thousand a year more than Chicago offers," what is there to prevent their acceptance of the offer, and how would Chicago like that interference with their plans? It is the principle of the thing we object to. It works fatally against the best interest of the professional clubs whose efforts are to raise professional playing to a high standard.

AN UNEQUALED GAME.—A note, signed WM. WADE, secretary of the Oakland Base Ball Club, and bearing date July 26, reports the playing of a match in San Francisco, marked by a score of 1 to 0 after fifteen innings' play. The letter says as follows: "We send you further particulars soon. Right between the people who used the game. The two clubs are composed of some of the finest self-made players in the country. The score creates great excitement, and there is talk of the Oaklands Club going East."

CHICAGO vs. MUTUAL.

If anyone desires to see the effects of publicly announcing the fact that such and such players have been engaged for a club team next season, before the present season is half over, he has only to see the spiritless manner in which the Chicago team have played their games since it became known that a majority of them would be superseded in their positions in the Chicago Club next season. Aside from the fact that the incentive to earnest work is taken from a club team by the business of engaging players before the close of the season, the very effort on the part of players in a nine, who are to go to another club, to play their best while they remain, frequently results in such an anxiety to do well as to actually cause them to play poorly; and in the case of the players who are to be turned out, they, of course, have all the heart of their play taken out of them. The Mutuals never had easier work in defeating a Chicago team than they had on the occasion of their fifth game together, played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, on Saturday, July 31. The record of these games to Aug. 1 is as follows:

June 3, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago ..... 8 to 0
June 5, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago 7 5
June 7, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago 14 0
July 24, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn 1 1
July 31, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn 15 1

This gives a total of three games out of five to the Mutuals, with a total score of 28 to 26 in their favor. Up to the time of their Eastern tour the victories and defeats of the Chicago Club were as follows:

VICTORIES.

May 4, Chicago vs. Western, at Keokuk	15	to	1
May 5, Chicago vs. Western, at Keokuk	7		1
May 11, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	7		0
May 13, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at St. Louis	15		2
May 18, Chicago vs. Western, at Chicago	7		2
May 19, Chicago vs. Western, at Chicago	6		3
May 19, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago	9		4
May 22, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago	9		2
May 26, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at Chicago	16		2
May 27, Chicago vs. Red Stocking, at Chicago	15		0
June 3, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago	8		0
June 5, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago	14		0
June 8, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	2		0
June 19, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago	1		0

May 6, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	10	to	0
May 8, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	4		3
June 5, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Chicago	6		5
June 7, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago	24		7
June 14, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	11		4
June 22, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	8		3
June 24, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4		2
June 26, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4		3
June 29, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago	4		1
July 2, Boston vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	13		2

Here are fourteen victories to seven defeats, including victories over the Boston, Hartford, and St. Louis nines. What has been their record since? The table below will show.

DEFEATS.

July 10, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston	14	to	1
July 14, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston	8		7
July 17, Boston vs. Chicago, at Boston	6		0
July 20, New Haven vs. Chicago, at New Haven	6		4
July 21, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Hartford	7		1
July 24, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	7		1
July 27, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia	11		7
July 28, Philadelphia vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia	5		4
July 31, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	15		3

VICTORIES.

July 19, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4	to	1
July 22, Chicago vs. New Haven, at New Haven	3		
July 23, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9		2
July 26, Chicago vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	5		1
July 30, Chicago vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	9		3

It will be seen that the positions are reversed, the defeats almost doubling the number of victories. The Chicago Club have lost more games than they have won this season as in the utter want of harmony in their team. Besides, they have had no incentive given them for special effort. Their local press has almost ignored their existence, because they did not win the bets the reporters invested on them. Their defeat by the St. Louis nine was galling to the Chicago people, and something they could not forgive. But now that the majority are to be sent adrift at the close of the season, how is it possible to expect them to play with any spirit?

The game of Saturday was a peculiar one. The Mutuals batted with more ability than they have shown in any game this season. When players were on bases, they actually tried to hit to right field, Matthews making a very pretty "Spalding" hit to the latter quarter, and Hicks a beautiful "Gedney" to centre field. Gerhardt hit for bases in succession, as if he was quite used to it; and Hicks did some very neat batting. Jones, the latest addition to the Mutual nine, did Nelson found it, for the first time, a comparatively easy task to punish Golden, who did not pitch with his previous effectiveness. Still he was not batted hard, and his support was simply magnificent. Joseph's pitching was a study, and the splendid manner in which he was backed up by Treacy and McMullin must have been very encouraging to the occupants of the Chicagos. Joseph, the young pitcher of the Philadelphias, deserves great credit for his effective delivery.

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Murnan, 1st b.	0	1	13	0	0
McGeary, 2d b.	1	1	5	4	1
Addy, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Speed, 3d b.

THE SUMMER'S GAY ROSE.

The Summer's gay rose has been sobb'd of its hue,
That thy cheek with its tints may be dress'd;
To shine eye the sweet violet yielded its blue,
And the lily has whiten'd thy breast!

To SUMMER'S productions thy beauties belong:
They are mingled with ex.uisite art;
But to make such a form it took Nature so long,
WINTER came ere she model'd thy heart.

Ah, yes, from the purest, the coldest of snows,
Which carpet Diana's chaste bower,
She moulded thy heart, Love, and bade it repose,
Like a dew-drop congealed in a flower!

THE DUCHESS.

A SIDESHOWMAN'S STORY TOLD BY HIMSELF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWNE.

How she came to be called the Duchess was never quite clear. The name suited her, I think, though, had the matter been left with me, I should have christened her the Queen or the Empress. The show-bills did give her the title of queen—"Queen of the Arena"—but then the show-bills call every woman who rides a queen, so the distinction loses its honor. If there was a mystery about her name, however, there was a deeper mystery about her life. Nobody knew who she was or whence she came. She was an artist, as we show-people say, but she was an artist who had never won a reputation. She came to the manager a week before the show started on the road, and asked for an engagement.

"There aint an opening," he said. "The company's full."

She turned straight about, and was going away, when Darcy—'twas Darcy who was running the Great Pacific Circus that season—Darcy inquired what was her line of business.

"I can ride," said she, "and I have my own horse."

There was something in the girl's appearance so unlike your ordinary equestrienne that Darcy told her to call again, and he would see what could be done. She did call again, and made a trade for the mare, and that settled the business in short order. The Duchess was engaged for the season. It put ten thousand dollars into the pocket of Dick Darcy, that engagement did.

The Great Pacific Circus was a one-centre-pole show, but for all that it was a good show. Moreover, it was a straight-out, thorough-going circus. Dick Darcy took no stock in menageries. He had been trained in the old-fashioned sawdust ring, and he stuck to what he believed the legitimate line of business as tenaciously as Charlotte Cushman sticks to the stage. He had got together a remarkably strong company that season—remarkably strong, even without the Duchess. And when he wrote me a letter offering me the sideshow privilege, I was the happiest mortal on earth. I had worked pretty hard through the Winter, getting things ready for the Summer campaign. Everything seemed going wrong that year. I had engaged a wild man, a long-haired, long-armed specimen, who was represented on the painting in the midst of a dense woods, with three or four men chasing him, and a bloodhound or two at the foot of the tree in which he had taken refuge. I counted on him as a big card, but two weeks after I had closed with him he up and died. Of course that ended the engagement. Then I had secured a magnificent living skeleton—a fellow who weighed nothing at all to speak of, and who was really a rare curiosity. He was so thin that I used to wonder how he could balance himself when standing up, and whether he didn't cut through the sheets on his bed when he lay down. I had met him by chance early in the Spring, and had made him an offer to travel with me, which he accepted. A month later he wrote me, saying that his health was improving, that he had gained twenty-five pounds, and that he had concluded not to exhibit himself as a curiosity. The last I heard of him he was in the grocery business, and turned the scales at a hundred and forty. These and numerous other disappointments had made me rather blue, when Dick Darcy's letter reached me. My spirits rose at once. I secured another wild man and another skeleton, and started immediately for San Francisco.

It was more of a job to get to California in those days than it is now. However, I knew that a season with Dick Darcy meant a successful season, and so I set forth with a brave heart. I struck San Francisco early in April, and two days after the Great Pacific Circus was on the road. Although I say it myself, I think I had one of the best sideshows that year that ever traveled. My big attraction was an educated hog, who knew every one of the fifty-two cards in a pack at sight. He was a decidedly popular animal with the miners. Next to the hog I ranked my snake-charmer, and I should have put her first had she only been good-looking. She hadn't much to brag of in that line, but she could handle snakes in first-class style. Then I had my skeleton, my wild man—who turned out a bad investment, since he was more civilized than the majority of the people who came to look at him—and Bouncer, who could swallow a sword, besides making himself generally useful about the canvas. I was, as I always have been, my own blower. No man can ever hope to achieve any success in the sideshow business unless he is a good blower. That may be booked as a rule without exceptions. I don't take any particular pride to myself because of the fact, but I am fully convinced that what little reputation I have attained is to be attributed to my superiority as a blower. It doesn't make much difference what you may have inside your show, if you only have the right sort of a man outside to do the talking. Now, I remember that season my speech used to run in about this manner:

"Here we are, ladies and gentlemen. Walk right up, pay your money and pass inside. You have three-quarters of an hour before the performance in the big tent begins. It costs you but fifteen cents to witness the manifold wonders of this marvelous exhibition. Take my word for it, you never saw anything like it in your lives; and if you won't take my word for it, just pay your money, pass inside, and satisfy yourselves. If you don't pronounce it the best exhibition that was ever seen upon this green earth, then I'll cheerfully refund your money and pay you a dollar for your time and trouble. We have the world-renowned and only genuine educated hog, who can play the strongest game of draw poker in the country, and who understands perfectly thirteen different languages, besides having a fair knowledge of twenty-seven others. He has received nine diplomas from the leading colleges in the States, and can waltz around the sawdust circle on his hind legs with ease as he can wiggle his ear. He's the greatest curiosity of the nineteenth century. Then we have the beautiful and intrepid snake-charmer, whose portrait you see before you. She winds those huge serpents about her, as represented in the painting, and appears to enjoy it as much as a child does eating ice-cream. Those snakes, ladies and gentlemen, measure twenty-three feet in length, and are the most deadly and dangerous reptiles in the world. To see Miss Barbara in her thrilling performance is in itself worth twice the price of admission. The lady has a perfect passion for snakes.

"When but an infant fouryears old,
Her parents oft lamented—
Unless she had a snake near by,
She would get be contented'

"And then we have the living skeleton, a man who weighs only forty-seven pounds—a man whose like was never before seen since the creation of the world. There is nothing of him but skin and bones —without doubt, the most wonderful freak of nature ever known. And we have the wild man from the jungles of South America, and a man who actually swallows a sword twenty-four inches in length of solid steel. We show you these combined wonders, remember, for the paltry sum of fifteen cents; and if you don't find everything inside of us as represented, come out and get your money back and a dollar for your trouble."

That was about the way in which my address used to run, although one needs to hear it delivered to get any adequate idea of the effect produced. Bouncer, who was a young man of uncommon ambition, would often come to me and ask if I wouldn't let him blow; and one day I let him try it, just to see if he had any talent in that direction.

"Look a-here," he said, "don't you s'pose I can get off that speech of yourn just as good as you can?"

To which I replied:

"Bless me, I don't s'pose anything of the kind. You couldn't talk ten dollars into the show all day. You aint got the ability."

"Give me a chance," said Bouncer, "and I'll show you."

So I gave him the chance. He mounted the box, and started off all straight enough, but when he got down to the educated hog there was a break. Somehow he got that hog mixed up with the snake-charmer, and commenced calling him "the beautiful and intrepid." That put him out so bad y'that, when he came to deal with the snake-charmer, he concluded to do it by announcing: "This skeleton, ladies and gentlemen, measures twenty-three feet in length, and he's the most deadly and dangerous reptile in the world!" The skeleton remarked to me afterwards that, if he had been in any kind of training, he would have stepped out and thrashed Bouncer on the spot. As it was, Bouncer passed over the wild man entirely, and began talking about himself; and I'm bound to believe that he would have kept on talking about that interesting subject the rest of the afternoon, if I hadn't shut him off. It was the last time that I ever let Bouncer do the blowing.

All this has nothing to do with the Duchess, but I could not tell my little story intelligibly without giving some explanation of myself and my surroundings. We had been on the road a week, perhaps, before I saw the Duchess. It was one afternoon, when the performance in the big ring was over, and when I was mounted on the box, blowing away with all my lungs. Bouncer chanced to be standing at my side. He gave me a knowing nudge with his elbow, and said:

"That's her."

"Who?" inquired I, pausing a moment in my speech.

"Why, the Duchess," replied Bouncer.

There was no need of his pointing her out, for I saw at once that she took no interest in the scene about her, and, more than that, she was the only woman among the crowd. I am a poor hand at describing feminine beauty, and I should fail miserably if I undertook to sketch the Duchess. I only know that she was very beautiful. She had big, brown eyes—brown eyes which sometimes deepened into black. She had a smile, a sweet smile, which could laugh or cry in itself. She had a wondrously fine head of hair, and a figure full and rounded, yet lithe and supple. Something in the expression of her face, in her modest manner, in her style of dress, struck me as odd for one in her profession. I do not suppose that I noticed this particularly on the afternoon when I saw her first; but it impressed me afterwards, and all my impressions of the Duchess which I now retain are those which grew out of a season's acquaintance with her. Very likely, on that day when Bouncer nudged me with his elbow, I saw simply a pretty girl, and thought to myself that I would make her acquaintance; and that was all I thought about it. The next night, I remember, I stepped into the big tent to take a look at the ring performance. As luck would have it, the Duchess was just beginning her act. I became interested at once. If she cut a second beautiful to me the day before in her plain black dress, she seemed doubly so now, arrayed in her riding costume. And then how she rode! I profess to be somewhat of a judge of the equestrian art, and I know it is not prejudice which prompts me to say that the Duchess was the most proficient horsewoman that I ever saw. There was a grace of movement, a precision of action, which could come only of long practice; so I thought that night, as I sat watching her with critical eye. But there was a certain dash, a sort of recklessness about her riding, which impressed me with the idea that it was not the result of training. And I noticed, too, that she had none of the tricks of the profession. Her whole mind seemed to be intent upon her horse. She was apparently utterly oblivious of the fact that a tent full of people were watching her. Every position which she assumed was full of grace, but it was an unstudied grace, and it bore no resemblance to the recticed posturing of the ring. Her horse was a perfect animal, with a jet-black, velvety coat, so thin and glossy that you could see his veins stand out all over the body; and he seemed to have no other will than that of his fair mistress. The Duchess rode without a pad. She cleared an eight-foot banner with apparent ease, and she went through the balloons without once touching the rims. And when she came to the finish, and threw off the bridle and check, I made up my mind that, of all the riding which I had ever seen in the ring, that was the best. Swift as the eye could follow, the horse went flying round the sawdust circle, while erect upon his back stood the Duchess, her dark eyes flashing, her cheeks glowing with excitement, and every motion of her body in perfect accord with freedom and with grace. So reckless she seemed, and yet so confident, that I felt the blood tingle in my veins as I watched her; and it took a good deal in those days to make my blood tingle. I noticed that the skirts of the Duchess' dress were longer, and the waist higher, than in her riding. That night I went back to Bouncer and the skeleton with some curious feelings in my breast.

It was two or three days later that I first met the Duchess to speak with her. Bouncer volunteered to give me an introduction, and I was glad enough of the chance to make her acquaintance.

"You know her, do you?" asked I, as we sat together in the shade of the canvas.

"Of course I know her!" asserted Bouncer. "Me and the Duchess is fast friends. I'll take you round to the dressing-tent and introduce you this afternoon."

"All right," said I.

Bouncer kept his word, and after the performance in the ring had begun, and the sideshow was pretty well deserted, we made our way to the dressing-tent, where we found the Duchess. She was waiting to do her act, and was dressed in her riding costume. In response to an invitation from Bouncer, she came out from behind the canvas screen, which was hung up for her especial benefit, and took a seat on the dancing-globe. Now, Bouncer, although he was thoroughly posted in his business, and able to put a sword down his throat with as much ease as he did a whiskey straight, was not particularly well posted in matters of etiquette. I somewhat doubt whether he had ever attempted to perform the ceremony of an introduction before in his life. At any rate, he made a bad piece of business of it on that occasion. After a moment's hesitation he said:

"Duchess, this is our sideshow blower. I promised him I'd fetch him round and make you acquainted. He's the boss blower in this part of the country."

Here Bouncer came to a pause, and there was a dead silence all round. The Duchess looked up at me with a roguish twinkle in her brown-black eyes, but said never a word; Bouncer turned the tobacco quid in his mouth from the right cheek to the left, and stood switching the air with a riding-whip which he had found on the grass; and as for me, I was so completely disgusted with Bouncer, and at the manner in which he had presented me, that I could think of nothing to say, and so stood staring blankly into space.

"Well, hang me if you aint a social pair," observed Bouncer at last. "Why don't you talk, Jack? I'm going back to the tent and tend door." And with this he lifted the side-canvas and passed out, leaving me alone with the Duchess.

Somehow, I found my position an exceedingly uncomfortable one. The situation was unusual amount of time to my toilet that day, and had confidently expected to make at least a creditable appearance before the Duchess; but I began to suspect that she was anything but favorably impressed. I had brushed up my velveteen coat, with its broad binding and heavy lapels—a coat which I dearly cherished, and which Bouncer particularly envied; and I had put on a light-colored vest, and a cravat which was the admiration of my friends, and my diamond pin, for which I had paid seven dollars and a half; and I had indulged in an extra allowance of bear's oil and the luxury of a clean shirt collar. And yet, with all this preparation, I could not get the thought out of my mind that I appeared ridiculous to the Duchess. I must have stood some time after Bouncer's departure without saying a word. Finally I mustered up the courage to speak.

"I saw you ride the other night," I began. "You ride first-rate—better than any lady that I ever saw."

"Do you think so, Mr. Blower?" and the Duchess brought her eyes to bear upon me again, and I could see plainly enough that she was doing her best to keep from laughing outright. If I could have understood Bouncer at that moment, I am sure I would have afforded me keener satisfaction than anything else in the world; but, as I couldn't do it, because of Bouncer's absence, I swallowed my wrath and said:

"My name is not Blower, Miss; it's Long—Jack Long."

"Oh, is it?" said she. "I thought Bouncer called you Blower."

"I'm the proprietor of the sideshow," I exclaimed, "and I do my own talking—that is what Bouncer meant. Maybe you have noticed me outside the tent?"

"No, I don't think I ever noticed you before," said the Duchess. And then followed another awkward pause. It was a relief just then to have the clown enter, and he and the Duchess fell to talking in an easy, off-hand manner, which was aggravating enough to me, but which was considerably more than attempting to carry on the conversation alone.

"Who's in the ring?" inquired the Duchess.

"George," replied the clown.

"Then I come next," and the Duchess rose from her seat and smoothed out the ruffles in her dress. I made a last desperate effort to impress her with my politeness.

"Won't you step into the sideshow?" I said. "We have a first-rate exhibition. Come in at any time, and you will be welcome, I assure you."

"Well, perhaps I will," she answered. I could tell by her tone that nothing more was to be said the side-canvas, and just as I passed out she said:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Blower—I mean Mr. Long."

I went back to my own tent, boiling over with indignation. I had anticipated a good deal from my meeting with the Duchess, and it seemed that I had left a mighty poor impression after all. And I regarded it as Bouncer's fault. Why couldn't he have introduced me in a proper manner? If he had said: "This is Mr. John Long, proprietor of the sideshow, and a particular friend of Mr. Darcy's," it would have put an entirely different face on the case. Bouncer was an idiot, thought I, and I told him so when I got back to the tent. I was in no mood to be trifled with, and I remember I threatened to choke the skeleton, who had ventured to chuckle to himself over my wrath.

The probabilities are that I should have let the Duchess drop from mind after my first unsuccessful overture, had she not taken it into her head to visit the sideshow. This she did a week or so after my invitation. I felt so elated over her coming that I couldn't do enough for her. I made the educated hog perform all his tricks twice over; I coaxed the snake-charmer to play with the snakes until she was completely tired out; I caused Bouncer to swallow his sword again and again; and I nearly killed the skeleton by compelling him to pound his chest with his fists, as an evidence of his perfect health. I must have appeared to better advantage than on the day of my introduction. The Duchess seemed to take an interest in everything connected with the show, and she didn't address me as "Mr. Blower" once during her visit. When she came to leave, she turned to me with a smile that I dreamed of for many nights after, and said:

"I like the exhibition, Mr. Long, and I like its proprietor too!"

I lived in the clouds from that day forth. Regularly every evening I went into the big tent to watch the Duchess ride. She came to notice me after a time, and would occasionally smile upon me as her horse dashed round the ring. Then I would go back to the sideshow supremely happy, and begin talking of the educated hog and the snake-charmer, with my mind all the while full of the Duchess. Often, at night, I would lie down on the grass, and, with my eyes fixed upon a small hole in the overarching blue, and with God's stars, I would fancy myself rich and powerful—the master of a brown stone palace filled with all beautiful things, in which, most beautiful of all, should dwell the Duchess. Or I would imagine myself the proprietor of the biggest show that was ever exhibited, one that would clear a hundred thousand dollars in a season, and require no work on my part, save to give directions from my hotel-parlor; and all of that twenty thousand dollars should be expended on the Duchess. She should have her every wish gratified. In my dreams I bought her diamonds —not such trumpery as I wore myself, but genuine of the first water; I bought her silks and satins and laces; I went with her on a tour to Europe; I made her a queen instead of a Duchess; and I gave her a palace to live in, instead of a canvas tent. All this I did in my dreams. And then I would go back to Bouncer and the skeleton and the snake-charmer with a sad feeling of discontent. For the first time in my life it occurred to me that possibly there might be some higher ambition in this world than to be ranked as a first-class sideshow blower. I cannot tell what it was about the Duchess that wrought such a change in my manner of life; but I know that she exercised a most wonderful influence over me. She never preached to me; she never spoke slightingly of our profession. Only, she led me to believe that a man need not be a ruffian because he is a showman; and she convinced me, by her own example, that a woman may be a lady and ride in the ring. In a hundred little ways, which would prove tiresome to recount, she moulded my character anew. I remember distinctly one Sunday, when I had arranged myself in all the glory of my cherished velveteen coat, light trousers, scarlet necktie and diamond pin, she said to me, after an hour's conversation:

"Jack"—she had learned to call me Jack—"why is it that you dress in such shockingly bad taste?"

I glanced at my person in blank amazement.

"Why, you don't call this bad taste, do you?" said I.

"I hate a velvet coat," she answered, "and a scarlet cravat is enough to condemn any man!"

I made no reply at the time, but I astounded Bouncer next day by presenting to him my velveteen coat, and I won the profound admiration of the snake-charmer by giving her my crimson necktie.

The deep interest which I took in the Duchess became pretty generally known among the members of the company. Bouncer, in particular, seemed to find an immense amount of satisfaction in alluding to the subject. He said to me one day, as we sat eating our dinner under the canvas:

"Say, Jack, you're struck on the Duchess, aint you?"

"What's that to you?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothin'," he replied; "only I thought I'd jest tell you that you don't stand no show in that quarter—not the ghost of a show!"

"Seems to me," said I, a little nettled, "that you know a good deal about my affairs."

"Well, I knows a thing or two about the Duchess," rejoined Bouncer, complacently stowing away a good-sized sandwich at one mouthful.

"What do you know?" inquired I.

He finished the sandwich, and then said:

"Do you s'pose she's the kind that's going to get soft over you? Why, there aint a man in the company but what's struck over her. There's Patterson, the fellow who does the four horses; regular swell, he is. Dresses right up in style, and sports a moustache that's enough to break any woman's heart. Well, Pat. is clean gone on the Duchess. Then there's Reynolds, the boss leaper. He draws his fifty hundred a week, and he aint married—or, if he is, he's left his wife in the States, so it don't make no difference. Reyn. is smitten with her, I know. And so is Fergus, and Spooner, and Hudson, and Ray, and they're all high-toned duffers and got three times as much dust as you have. Bleed if I don't believe Darcy himself would marry the girl if she'd have him! Now, what kind of a chance do you stand alongside of them? The Duchess aint no sardine, she aint. She knows we're all wild over her. I say we," continued Bouncer, producing a wooden toothpick and stretching himself out on the grass, "because I don't mind tellin' you, Jack, that I'm rather sweet on the girl myself!"

"You?" exclaimed I, thoroughly astonished.

"Yes, me!" rejoined Bouncer indignantly. "You needn't grin. Didn't I introduce you to the Duchess? And aint I got as good a right to fall in love with her as anybody else? And wouldn't she be as likely to love me back as she would you? I aint no mushroom, am I? I'm an artist. Traveled two seasons with Levi North, and learned my business with Lent." [This was Bouncer's favorite way of announcing himself to those who were unacquainted with his merits.] "I guess the Duchess would take me quick enough, if she got the chance!" and Bouncer rose to his feet, took a bite of plug-tobacco, and passed out of the tent.

I was not afraid of Bouncer as a rival, nor, indeed, of anybody connected with the Great Pacific Circus. To be sure, the Duchess had never said she loved me; but love's language is not always couched in words. Her eyes spoke to me, and her face, which brightened at my coming, told me plainly enough that I was more to her than she cared to confess. And yet I did confess it. One night, after she had got through with her ride, and before the performance in the ring was over, she sat with me behind the screen of the dressing-tent, and I mustered up courage to speak out the thoughts which filled my heart, I could never recall just what I said, but I know I told her that I loved her. That was enough. And when I asked her if some time she would become my wife, she put her small white hand into mine, and said bravely:

"Yes, Jack, I will become your wife!"

I wondered then if in all the wide world there was another man as happy as Jack Long. How I pitied the people about me as I stood up that night to tell them of the curiosities in the show! How I pitied the skeleton, and the wild man, and Bouncer, and even Darcy himself, with whom I would not have exchanged places for all the gold in California! I was richer than Jacob Astor, and prouder than the trick-mule!

Those were glorious days that followed after our betrothal. The Duchess and I made love under difficulties, but the love was none the less sweet for that. Often we would sit together in the dressing-tent, and talk of the future and all the bright things which it held in store for us, while on the other side of the canvas screen the clown would be finding fault with one of the "supes," or the juggler could be heard using strong language because somebody had broken one of his plates. Often, too, we would spend an hour in the sideshow, before the evening performance had begun, and while the skeleton and wild man were dozing in the corner: and our imagination made the sombre little tent seem a very paradise—a paradise in which I was Adam and the Duchess was Eve. I never spoke to her of her past life. Once, in the earlier days of our acquaintance, I had told her something of my own career, in the hope that she might return the confidence; but she did not. And while I felt that there was a mystery enveloping her, I had no wish to search it out until she saw fit to explain it. She was mine, and that was enough for me to know.

The season proved a most successful one for the Great Pacific Circus. The weather was more perfect than I ever knew, and in every town where we showed the canvas was crowded. The fame of the Duchess traveled faster than the circus, and at each recurring performance she was recalled into the ring again and again by audiences more enthusiastic than I ever saw in a tent. When we finally struck San Francisco, which we did in the latter part of October, Dick Darcy was richer by twenty thousand dollars than he had been in the Spring.

"Half of it all has come of the Duchess," he said to me exultantly. "That girl is a fortune in herself."

I thought so, too, but not in precisely the same way as did the manager.

We were to exhibit in San Francisco a week; and Darcy's judgment was not amiss when he predicted that, if the weather held fair there would not be standing-room at a single performance. The weather did hold fair, and the crowds that gathered under the canvas of the Great Pacific Circus were big enough to delight the heart of any manager. By the second night, the Duchess' riding was the talk of the town. The newspapers were full of complimentary notices, which were not paid for by the line, and snobbish swells sent in bouquets of flowers, which the Duchess promptly handed over to me, and which I in turn presented to the snake-charmer. As the week drew to a close, the audiences increased in size, and the enthusiasm became most intense.

"Nothing short of another week will satisfy 'em," said Darcy to me on the afternoon of Saturday. "Why, three hundred were turned away last night! We must hold on another week, sure!"

On that afternoon, I left the Duchess in the dressing-tent, just before she was to appear in the ring. As I turned to go, she laid her hand upon my shoulder and said:

"Jack, I am nervous to-night. I fear that something is going to happen to me; and if there should be, promise me that you will think of me always as your wife, won't you?"

Her words sent a sharp pain through my heart but I tried to laugh away her fears, and I answered:

"Nothing is going to happen to you, my darling, except the applause that awaits you out there." I went out, and left her kneeling by the entrance to the tent. For a moment I stood looking up into the vaulted heavens above me, where one star, apart from the others, shone forth with such brilliancy that I likened it unto the Duchess. And while I was thus gazing upon it, its light suddenly went out behind a cloud, and I felt a chill as the strain of trumpets told me that the Duchess was in the ring. I had left the dressing-tent to go to the sideshow; but, prompted by an impulse which I could not explain, I turned back, lifted the canvas, and made my way into the main tent. A strange presentiment of impending evil had taken possession of my mind. I think only of the words of the Duchess, and of the bright star which had been quenched.

The tent inside was fairly packed with people. Down to the very bank of the ring it was one sea of faces; and every eye was riveted upon the Duchess, who dashed on her spotless steed in her circumscribed circle. As she approached the end of her act, I began to breathe more freely. I had taken up my position by the side of the band-seats, and near the entrance to the dressing-tent. I could see plainly every motion of the rider, and I watched her with an interest which no one of all the spectators guessed. She came, at last, to the finish. The bridle and check were thrown off of the horse; the band struck up a livelier air; and the audience grew wild with enthusiasm.

"Bravo!" shouted a hundred voices. Handkerchiefs were waving, men were cheering, and horse and rider alike seemed to catch the inspiration of the moment, and to strain every nerve for the final effort. And then, of a sudden, a mist rose up before my eyes. My heart gave one great throb, and stopped its beating.

The Duchess had fallen!

I sprang forward, and leaped into the ring. No word escaped my lips. I saw nothing save the upturned face of my darling—the face so beautiful, so beloved, and now so deathly white. The music had ceased, the tumult of applause was changed to anxiety. A score of men were crowding around me; but I pushed them aside, and, lifting the insensible form of the Duchess in my arms, I bore it to the dressing-tent. We laid her gently upon the mattress, and bathed her white brow with water; and then, for the first time, I saw the ugly scar upon her temple which the iron shoe of the horse had made.

There was a physician in the audience, and he was summoned to the dressing-tent. I watched him—ah, how eagerly!—as he bent down to examine the injured girl; and I thought that he would have been killed, he finds a passenger mangled beyond all hope of recognition, and changes clothes with him. We think Means, Conquest and Pettit drove away a good opportunity when they omitted this incident from their play. Such a scene, well managed, would have been a fortune in itself, and would have assured a long run for the play. The railway accident is only referred to in the piece, which opens at the house of Lombard, Evans & Glynne (the authors are well up in their city names). Mr. Michael Lombard, the head of the firm, is speaking to his confidential clerk, Mr. Meek, about the personage who is the hero of the tale, Mark Brandon, who, however, was formerly known by the name of Ashley. Mr. Lombard, when Brandon was an infant, won in his employ, was convicted of forgery, has always had doubts of Alec Idleiton, another of his clerks, who, even while he is speaking, is listening to his words, having forced a small hole in the ceiling of the room that separates the counting-house from the principal's private room. Mr. Lombard tells his head clerk that in a few days he will receive the sum of £40,000 which he had insured for the benefit of the absconding firm. Having achieved so much, it behooved the officer to protect his prisoner from the righteous wrath of Ah Hee's better-half, who just then loomed up with a hatchet and a six-shooter. The almost bereaved husband was eventually quieted, and placed in the hack with his wife and the doctor and Bones, and driven to the City prison. Ah Wy was furnished with a cell, and Ah Wong and his wife with lodgings until the morning, when they will be called upon to testify in the Police court against their rascally countryman.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta*, July 10.

ELOPEMENT IN OHIO.

A letter from Steubenville, O., to *The Pittsburg Leader* of July 24 says: "For years Mr. James Mann, clerk of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in this city, has been paying his addresses to Miss Maggie Jones, the wealthy citizen of West Virginia, and his attentions have been reciprocated by the lady in question, much to the disgust of the father of the girl. On Saturday week an interview was arranged between the enamored pair, but just as they were congratulating themselves on their happiness the father appeared on the scene and emptied the contents of a revolver (five shots) at the lover, who has risked his life to see the girl he loved. One bullet grazed his scalp and another went through his coat-sleeve. This so enraged the lover in question that he replied in tones to be heard in the high side of the river. The boy do well enough to hit a barn, but never to hit a Mann.' The sequel of the shooting affray is this: The young lady concluded that home was no place for her after her lover had been treated in that way, and next morning, or during the night—I am not certain which—quietly entered a skiff and plowed the broad waters of the Ohio in search of her lover. They met, and a buggy ride and marriage was the result. The good citizens of this place, or a great portion of them, sympathize with the couple who have been thrown on the world together under such trying circumstances, and give him credit for his course. The next evening, after much scandalous talk, the lady comes out in a card and takes the blame on herself, and requests people not to think she was abducted, as the local papers would have it; that she was her own free agent, that she would be responsible for all her acts, etc. On Thursday the corset band of the city gave the happy pair a fine serenade, and wine flowed freely. Many toasts were drunk to the health of Mann and his estimable lady and to lots of little men. So endeth the first chapter."

FOOLED INTO MARRYING THE WRONG MAN.—An affair occurred yesterday at one of the minor hotels in the city, which, were it not for the rather tragic influence it bears upon a human life, would be rather comical. A certain unmarried individual living at Saxonburg has had living in his house for a year or more a buxom German woman with whom he was more intimate than either the law or the accepted system of morality allows. A month or so ago a child was born, and the father promised, in order to settle the difficulty which ensued, to marry the mother. Yesterday the two, accompanied by a friend, came to the city and stopped at the hotel, which is on Water street, not far from the Connellsville depot. A Grant-street magistrate was sent for and told that he was expected to solemnize a marriage between the woman, who cannot speak a word of English, and the man. When the parties stood up, the friend who had accompanied the two took his place beside the woman, who was told that this was the proper form to go through, and was married to her, while the Saxonburg man stood at one side laughing at the cheat. The woman did not discover to whom she had been married until an hour or two afterwards, and the father of her child went away chuckling at the manner in which he had escaped the consequences of his previous indiscretion. What the result will be cannot yet be told, but the woman yesterday afternoon visited several magistrates with the desire of having the matrimonial knot untied, and expressed great indignation at the way she had been treated.—*Pittsburg* (Pa) *Dispatch*, July 10.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

JUST BECAUSE HE KISSED ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Just because he kissed me,
Why, what's the way,
I wonder if he's missed me
Every night and day.
He told me he would cherish
Every thought of me,
And he would rather perish
Than untrue to me be—
So, just because he kissed me,
I'm happy, don't you see.

Just because he kissed me
By the door last night,
Saying he'd remember
Wand'ring from my sight,
My poor heart in gladness
Throbs with sweetest bliss—
Gone is every sadness
For the sake of this:
Just because he gave me
Last night a loving kiss.

WOMEN, COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE TURKS.

By the sweet waters of Asia—by leaning immovably against a tree or the fountain, in the attitude of one who is lost in profound reverie—I have been able to catch a glimpse of more than one lovely face but imperfectly concealed by a thin veil of gauze half withdrawn, and more than one snowy throat gleaming between the folds of a half-open feredge, while the attendant was walking at a little distance or gazing upon the steamboats on the Bosphorus, assured by my assumed air of drowsiness and abstraction.

The Turks, however, see no more of them than the Ginours do. They never pass beyond the selamlick, even in the houses of their most intimate friends, and if they are acquainted with women but those of their own harems. When the inmates of one harem visit those of another, the well-known custom of placing the slippers of the visitors upon the threshold of the harem which they are visiting announces the presence of strangers, and interdicts the entrance of any male. The selamlick, or man's part of the house, is entirely at my command—I might almost say—and my host, who thus finds himself at any moment shut out from a part of his own house. An immense female population, anonymous and unknown, circulates through this mysterious city, which is thus transformed into a sort of vast masquerade, with the peculiarity that a dominoed mask is permitted to unmask. The father and the brother are the only males who are allowed to behold the faces of the daughters and sisters, who rigidly veil themselves from any relative of remoter degree; and thus a Turk may, in his whole life, have seen but half a dozen faces of Moslem women!

The possession of large and numerous harems is restricted to Viziers, Pashas, Beys, and other persons of either great wealth or high rank, for their maintenance is enormously expensive, especially as each female who becomes a mother is entitled to her separate establishment and her own attendants. The Turks of middle rank have rarely more than one wife (although legally entitled to espouse four), together with perhaps three or four purchased females; and for them the rest of the sex remains in the condition of a myth or chimera.

The ceremonies which mark the delicacies of courtship are, necessarily, almost unknown to the Moslemah. A Turk who wishes to marry has recourse to some woman of mature age, who exercises the profession of a matrimonial negotiator. This woman gives him a minute description of the personal charms and fascinations of a dozen beauties, Nourmahals, Leilas, and other beauties of marriageable age, taking proper care, of course, to adorn with the greatest profusion of metaphors the portrait of the young girl whom she herself favors, or who pays her the largest fee to select. She offers to become a lover on the strength of her description; sprinkles with bouquets of hyacinths the path by which his veiled idol must pass; and, after the interchange of a few glances (his share of which is limited to such glimpses of a pair of eyes as he can snatch through a close-drawn veil), demands the maiden of her father, offering her a dowry proportioned to his passion and his fortune; and at length sees removed, for the first time, in the nuptial chamber itself, the yachmack which has hitherto concealed the fair one's features from his longing gaze.—*Theophile Gautier.*

A CHINESE ABDUCTION.

Ah Wy, a Chinese youth of no particular occupation, last night conceived the idea of abducting Ah Hee, an exceedingly comely matron, and for that purpose proceeded to the drive up Jackson street, the residence, on Jackson street. Wondering what a hack with a good-looking young man of her own race was doing at that particular spot and hour of the night, the unsuspecting lady descended from her stoop, whence she was watching for her husband's return. Ah Wy, who was evidently enjoying the vigilance of a hungry spider, took advantage of the favorable movement, and, springing from his ambush, almost before the astonished Ah Hee was aware of the fact she was bundled into a corner of the hack, and dashing down the street at a gallop, with Ah Wy grasping her throat to prevent her from screaming. The enterprising young man's efforts in the latter direction were unsuccessful, however, and the abducted matron, breaking loose from her captor, thrust her head out of the window and shrieked so loudly and so long that she attracted not only the attention of Officer Bones, but of Officer Chinnown and Officer Frong as well. The latter, although taken at a disadvantage by being half a block behind the fugitives, joined ardently in the chase, and succeeded, by brandishing a pistol in a suggestive manner and using strong language suited to the occasion, in halting the runaway team. Having achieved so much, it behooved the officer to protect his prisoner from the righteous wrath of Ah Hee's better-half, who just then loomed up with a hatchet and a six-shooter. The almost bereaved husband was eventually quieted, and placed in the hack with his wife and the doctor and Bones, and driven to the City prison. Ah Wy was furnished with a cell, and Ah Wong and his wife with lodgings until the morning, when they will be called upon to testify in the Police court against their rascally countryman.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta*, July 10.

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

"DEAD TO THE WORLD,"

a sensational drama by George Conquest and Henry Pettitt, was produced at the Grecian Theatre, London, Eng., July 12. *The Era* thus comments upon it:

The central idea is that of a railway accident, in which a returned convict is supposed to be losing in charge of a prison warder. When the collision takes place the warder is killed and the convict escapes unhurt. But he remembers shortly that his prison dress will lead to his speedy capture, and, seeking amongst those who have been killed, he finds a passenger mangled beyond all hope of recognition, and changes clothes with him. We think Messrs. Conquest and Pettitt threw away a good opportunity when they omitted this incident from their play. Such a scene, well managed, would have been a fortune in itself, and would have assured a long run for the play. The railway accident is only referred to in the piece, which opens at the house of Lombard, Evans & Glynne (the authors are well up in their city names). Mr. Michael Lombard, the head of the firm, is speaking to his confidential clerk, Mr. Meek, about the personage who is the hero of the tale, Mark Brandon, who, however, was formerly known by the name of Ashley. Mr. Lombard, when Brandon was an infant, won in his employ, was convicted of forgery, has always had doubts of Alec Idleiton, another of his clerks, who, even while he is speaking, is listening to his words, having forced a small hole in the ceiling of the room that separates the counting-house from the principal's private room. Mr. Lombard tells his head clerk that in a few days he will receive the sum of £40,000 which he had insured for the benefit of the absconding firm. Having achieved so much, it behooved the officer to protect his prisoner from the righteous wrath of Ah Hee's better-half, who just then loomed up with a hatchet and a six-shooter. The almost bereaved husband was eventually quieted, and placed in the hack with his wife and the doctor and Bones, and driven to the City prison. Ah Wy was furnished with a cell, and Ah Wong and his wife with lodgings until the morning, when they will be called upon to testify in the Police court against their rascally countryman.—*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Alta*, July 10.

OLD LONDON FAIRS.

It was in 1744 that the famous Turkish wire-walker appeared at Bartholomew Fair, where he performed without a balancing pole, at the height of thirty-five feet. He juggled while on the wire with what were supposed to be oranges; but this feat lost much of its marvelousness on his dropping one of them, which revealed the fact that it was a painted ball of lead. He had formidable rivals in the celebrated Violantes, man and wife, the latter of whom far exceeded in skill and daring the famous Dutch woman of the later years of the seventeenth century. These Italian artists, like the Turk, performed at a considerable height, and the balancing of a chair, a more greater skill, gives the performance a much more sensational character.

Violante is the slack-rope performer introduced by Hogarth in his picture of Southwark Fair. The following feat is recorded of the artist by Malcolm, in his "Londinium Redivivum," in connection with the building of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields: "Soon after the completion of the steeple, an adventurous Italian, named Violante, descended from the arches, head foremost, on a rope stretched across St. Martin's lane to the Royal Mews; the princesses being present at the window, and a handsome gift made to the ring. In a hundred little ways, which would prove tiresome to recount, she moulded my character anew. I remember distinctly one Sunday, when I had arranged myself in all the glory of my cherished velveteen coat, light trousers, scarlet necktie and diamond pin, she said to me, after an hour's conversation:

"Jack"—she had learned to call me Jack—"why is it that you dress in such shockingly bad taste?"

I glanced at my person in blank amazement.

"Why, you don't call this bad taste, do you?" said I.

"I hate a velvet coat," she answered, "and a scarlet cravat is enough to condemn any man!"

I made no reply at the time, but I

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

The Philadelphia champions are getting the best of the New York nine this season, with apparent ease. Out of five games played up to July 28, the Mutuals had won but a single one. Of these, the best we have seen the Athletics play was their fifth match with the Mutuals, at the Union Grounds, July 28, the heavy rain of the morning preventing a large attendance. Both had their full nines out, and a close contest was anticipated, but the Athletics proved to be in the best form, and, playing a masterly game throughout, they won with ease by a score of 11 to 2, the Mutuals only scoring in one inning.

The game was commenced by the Athletics, who opened in lively style at the bat, Force leading off with a high ball to right field, which Booth would have got under in time had he seen it; but the new white ball was dazzling to the eyes in the sun, and he did not see it until too late, and Force reached third base instead of being put out. Of course Hicks grumbled at Booth because he did not see the ball in time. It is wrong on the part of a captain to openly growl at players in the field. If they have blundered, tell them of it privately when they come in.

In the first inning, after Clapp had tipped out, Fisler and Craver hit grounders for bases; but, by Sutton's hit to Gerhardt, Fisler was forced off at third and Craver at second. Force previously getting in by Fisler's hit. On the Mutual side, Holdsworth was prettily disposed of by Anson on a foul fly. Start was taken care of by Fisler neatly on a foul-bound after a good run, and Hallinan—who had earned his base—was thrown out at second by Hicks' hit to short field. This was a promising opening for a pretty game, and the play was watched with interest. In the second inning, after Sutton had been thrown out by Matthews, Hall got in a chance hit to the outer-field; and on Anson's beauty to right field, just out of Start's reach and short of Booth's position—a regular Boston-nine hit—Hall scored an earned run. A passed-ball sent Anson to third, and on McBride's safe hit he came home, Eggler afterwards striking out. Force's ball to right field, which Booth tried well to get, was dropped—not a muff, and yet not a base-hit, but a chance given—Clapp closing the inning with a ball to Nelson. As the Mutuals were retired for a blank—though Clapp dropped two foul bounds—the lead was left in the hands of the Athletics by 3 to 0.

In the third inning the Athletics gave Hallinan, Matthews and Nelson chances to throw them out, and then the Mutuals punished McBride for four base-hits and two earned runs. Nelson led off with a safe one to right field. Matthews followed with a pretty fair-foul—a clean hit, not a tip—and Gibney sent a neat grounder to left field, on which Nelson imprudently tried to run in; and when Hall sent the ball in to Clapp, Nelson was easily put out at home base. A line-ball catch to Fisler, prettily taken, ended Holdsworth's career for the inning; but Start's beautiful grounder to centre field sent in two men and earned two runs, Hallinan ending play by his ball to Craver. This left the totals at 3 to 2 only, and the game began to be quite interesting.

In the fourth inning neither side scored, but the Athletics retiring in succession, a good foul-bound catch by Hicks being noteworthy. Though five men went to the bat on the Mutual side, not a run was scored, not a base-hit being made, a low throw by Craver giving a life, but not a run. Booth and Nelson had bases given them on called balls, the umpire showing marked judgment in his interpretation of the rules. From the third inning out the Mutuals failed to add a single run to their score, as freely did the Athletics support McBride. In the fifth inning Anson went to first base and Fisler to right field, as West had hurt a finger—though no one was aware of it, so quietly does he take things of this kind. Anson, both at the bat and in the field, played in the best style in this game. No wonder they want him in Chicago. After the third inning only four base-hits were made by the Mutuals, namely, those by Start, Hicks, Booth and Matthews, the former leading at the bat. On the Athletic side, though only one run was earned after the third inning, no less than eight were scored.

In the fifth inning Eggler began by striking out; then Force had a life given him by Gerhardt, who played alternately good and bad. Then Clapp and Fisler made base-hits, and the side would have been blanked but for Holdsworth's dropping of an easy fly-ball to Hicks. Craver's was pretty well held, but poor judgment was shown in handling the ball afterwards; and, instead of a double-play, a second run was scored, Holdsworth's error letting in the first run. In the seventh inning, after Clapp had taken his base on three balls—Matthews fielding carelessly in this inning—Fisler was finely caught out by Hicks on a sharp fly-tip, which he takes so neatly, and then Craver got in an old Haymaker hit to the outer-field, on which he reached his third, sending Clapp in. Sutton then gave a chance to centre field and retired, after which Hall hit a pretty delay-ball to Gerhardt and earned Craver's run. Anson then hit a fine bounder to left field, on which Hall imprudently attempted to run in; but the ball from Gibney met him, in Hicks' hands, before he could get home. The eighth inning presented a very poor display of fielding by the Mutuals. In the first place, Anson opened with a ball to Gerhardt, which he failed to pick up well or throw straight, and the result was Anson reached his third base. On called balls McBride went to first base, and then Eggler got a ball to suit him, and he sent it flying to left field, reaching his third, and sending in the occupants of two unearned bases. Hicks had previously failed to catch Anson on a run-in from third to home, by throwing to second to cut off McBride; but the point was not well played—it is a risky one at best—and so Anson scored his run. The next two men were easily put out, and but for Gerhardt's error a blank would of course have been scored. Afterwards Fisler and Craver made base-hits, and three runs were finally scored. In the ninth inning a play occurred which showed a lack of discipline on the part of the Mutuals. Hall opened with a safe ball to left field, on which he reached his second. By Anson's hit to Gerhardt, Hall, who had got too far off second, was caught between second and third, the ball being passed to and fro between these two. Now, in such cases as this it is the point to play to have the other fielders guard the base; but Hallinan, instead of being ready to take the ball at third in case Hall should get by Gerhardt, stood staring at the two players; and, as Hall ran to bases skilfully, he got out of the tight spot and reached his third, and while Gerhardt stood astonished Anson stole to second, and on a bad throw to Nelson, and the latter's muff, Hall scored his run and Anson got to third. The next three men being put out in succession prevented any more unearned runs, and the game finally ended with the totals of 11 to 2 of scored runs, and 5 to 2 of earned runs, in favor of the Athletics, who well merited the victory they obtained, for they outfielded and outbatted their adversaries, and excelled them in base-running and in playing the points. The game was finely umpired by Cassidy.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s.s.	4	2	2	1	3	0
Clapp, c.	5	2	1	2	1	2
Fisler, r.f.	5	0	3	6	0	0
Craver, 2d b.	5	1	1	1	4	0
Sutton, 3d b.	5	0	0	2	4	0
Hall, l.f.	5	2	3	2	1	0
Anson, 1st b.	5	3	3	6	1	0
McBride, p.	5	1	0	2	1	0
Eggler, c.f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Totals.	46	11	15	27	13	3

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsworth, c.f.	4	0	2	1	3	4
Start, 1st b.	4	0	2	10	0	0
Hallinan, s.s.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Hicks, c.	4	0	1	9	0	0
Gerhardt, 3b.	4	0	0	2	2	4
Booth, r.f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Nelson, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	2	4
Matthews, p.	4	1	2	0	1	1
Gedney, l.f.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Totals.	37	2	9	27	11	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Athletic	1	2	0	0	2	0	2	3	1	—11
Mutual	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

First base by errors—Athletic, 4; Mutual, 1. Runs earned—Athletic, 3; Mutual, 2. Umpire, Mr. Cassidy of the Atlantic Club. Time, 1h. 50m.

ATHLETIC vs. CHICAGO.

The first championship game between the Athletics and Chicagos was played July 27, upon the ground of the former club, at 25th and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia. About fifteen hundred persons were present, although a heavy shower had fallen for nearly half an hour just prior to the announced time for commencing. By the liberal use of sawdust, after over an hour's delay, the ground was put in condition for the game to be played; but the fielding, under the circumstances, cannot be criticised. In consequence of the late hour of commencing, darkness intervened before more than eight innings could be completed, and the umpire was then obliged to call the game, the Athletics winning by a score of 11 to 7. Force made a run for the Athletics in the first inning, after getting a base on called balls, and being assisted around by the good batting of Clapp and Sutton. The Chicagos in the second inning led off with four clean hits and scored three runs, one earned, three good hits and a difficult miss by Craver giving two runs in the fifth, and Sutton's bad playing yielding a couple more in the seventh inning. The Athletics took the fourth inning by making three runs—all earned—on six clean hits, errors of Burdick, Higham, Waen and Glenn giving them five more runs on three clean hits.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, 2b.	5	0	0	3	1	3
Devlin, 1st b.	5	0	2	3	1	0
Hines, c.f.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Glenn, l.f.	4	1	0	2	0	1
Peters, s.s.	4	1	4	2	3	1
Hastings, c.	3	0	1	4	3	0
Golden, p.	5	1	1	0	0	3
Warren, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	1	2
Bielaski, r.f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Totals.	40	7	13	24	7	10

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Force, s.s.	6	3	3	1	6	1
Clapp, c.	5	2	3	1	1	0
Fisher, 1st b.	6	2	1	11	0	0
Craver, 2d b.	5	1	1	4	5	2
Sutton, 3d b.	4	0	2	1	0	4
Hall, l.f.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Bechtel, r.f.	5	2	0	1	1	0
McBride, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1
Eggler, c.f.	4	2	2	0	1	0
Totals.	44	11	13	24	15	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Chicago	0	3	0	0	2	0	2	0	—7	
Athletic	2	0	0	3	0	1	3	2	—11	

Runs earned—Athletic, 3; Chicago, 1. Double plays—Peters, 1; Higham, 1; Force, Craver and Fisher, 1; Bechtel and Force, 1. Bases on errors—Athletic, 11; Chicago, 8. Umpire, Wm. McLean. Time, 2h. 25m.

MUTUAL vs. ECKFORD.

On Friday, July 23, the Eckfords of Maysville, Ky., visited Middleport, O., and on Saturday and Monday contested with the Mutuals of that place. The Mutes were victorious in both games, and a large sum of money changed hands on the result of the contests, both of which were close. The Eckfords are a very fine amateur club, but were not able to cope with the strong batters of the Mutuals. The scores follow, that of the 24th being given by innings:

Mutual	1	3	2	1	0	2	2	0	0—13
Eckford	0	5	0	0	3	0	0	1	0—9

MUTUAL.	R.
A. Dickey, c.	1
S. Dickey, s.s.	2
Baker, p.	2
Downing, 2d b.	2
N. Russell, 1 f.	2
W. Russell, r.f.	0
Lloyd, 1st b.	2
J. Watson, 3d b.	1
E. Watson, c.f.	1
Total.	13

ECKFORD.	R.
Forman, p.	1
Atkins, 3d b.	2
Kain, 1st b.	0
Bughner, 1 f.	2
D. Atkinson, s.s.	2
Williams, r.f.	0
Pearse, c.f.	0
Brown, c.	1
G. Atkinson, 2d b.	1
Total.	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Mutual	0	2	0	1	0	0	6	0	0	—10
Eckford	3	2	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	—9

Scorers, H. Teeter and Taylor. Time, 1h. 35m.

TRENTON vs. RANDOLPH.

The Trenton Club, on their tour, met the Randolphs of Dover, N. J., July 27, and after an exciting game, and a fine display of heavy batting on both sides, came off victorious. The Trentons were minus Mann, their "curved pitcher," whose place was well supplied by Karge, who delivers a somewhat similar ball.

TRENTON.	R.
Bradley, s.s.	0
Van Horn, c.	2
Moore, c.f.	1
Karge, p.	2
White, 2d b.	2
Walters, 3d b.	2
Willis, r.f.	0
Green, 1st b.	3
Total.	13

RANDOLPH.	R.
Carpenter, c.f.	3
Cain, 1 f.	1
Walworth, s.s.	1
Mulford, r.f.	1
Richards, c.	0
Harrison, 2d b.	0
Lockman, 1st b.	0
Kelly, p.	1
Smith, 3d b.	4
Total.	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Trenton	0	1	2	2	0	4	0	4	0	—13
Randolph	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	6	0	—11

Umpire, J. J. Wilson. Time, 3h. 35m.

BOSTON vs. GRAFTON.—Batting well, but fielding poorly, the Boston nine beat the amateur Grafton at Worcester, Mass., July 27, by the following innings scores:

Boston	3	1	1	4	0	0	3	1	0—13
Grafton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Boston, 3. Total bases—Boston, 25; Grafton, 7. Errors—Boston, 14; Grafton, 16.

BOSTON vs. BEACON.

On Thursday, July 29, the full Boston nine encountered the Beacons on the Boston grounds, and a close and exciting game resulted. The Bostons, though batting fairly throughout the game, failed to get on Lamb's pitching with any effect in any one inning, and were aided to most of their runs by passed balls by Crane, who resumed his position after a four weeks' absence, Crane redeeming his errors by some beautiful throwing to second. The Beacons made two base-hits in the first inning, but failed to bat effectively till the sixth, from which point they were more successful. In the last inning, after the Bostons retired for a blank—the Beacons having made two runs with two out and two on the bases, two runs being required to tie—the game was quite exciting, a grounder to Barnes, muffed, but picked up in time, closing the game. The Bostons played an ordinary fielding game, Barnes and McVey leading at the bat. Of the Beacons, Mansfield, Lloyd, and Elliott made handsome running catches, and Hodges did good service at second. The score follows:

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s.s.	4	2	2	5	5	1
Barnes, 2d b.	4	3	3	2	3	1
Leonard, l.f.	5	0	1	0	2	0
O'Rourke, c.f.	4	0	2	2	0	3
McVey, 1st b.	5	0	3	11	0	0
Spalding, p.	5	0	1	0	1	0
White, c.	5	1	2	7	0	0
Shafer, 3d b.	5	1	0	1	2	1
Manning, r.f.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Totals.	41	7	14	27	12	13

BEACON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lamb, p.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Berthrong, l.f.	5	1	1	1	0	2
Crane, c.	5	0	0	7	2	3
Lloyd, 3d b.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Mansfield, c.f.	4	1	2	3	0	1
Hodges, 2d b.	4	0	0	4	3	0
Sumner, r.f.	4	1	1	2	0	1
Nunn, s.s.	5	0	0	1	2	1
Elliott, 1st b.	4	1	0	8	0	1
Totals.	39	5	7	27	12	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Boston	1	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	—7
Beacon	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	2	—5

Runs earned—none. Total base-hits—Boston, 15; Beacon, 8. Two-base hits—White and Crane. Double-plays—Barnes and McVey; Elliott, Hodges and Nunn. Bases on errors—Boston, 5; Beacon, 6. Umpire, Thomas L. Beals, Boston Club. Time, 1h. 30m.

RED SOX vs. EAGLE.

The Red Stockings of St. Louis, Mo., arrived in Louisville, Ky., on the 23d ult., to play the Olympics and Eagles one more game apiece before their return home, but were prevented from measuring the willow with the Olymps. on account of a severe rain. On the 24th they met and defeated the Eagles; score, 19 to 1. Our correspondent says: "The Eagle boys have been doing some fine playing lately, but on this occasion they did their best to do their worst playing, and they succeeded beyond their utmost expectation. To be sure, two of the regular nine were absent, but their substitutes, Pearce and Grainger, acquitted themselves in such a manner as to annul the idea of any of the blame resting on their shoulders—in fact, they did most of the good playing that was done, and Pearce made the only run scored by the Eagles. The game throughout was all one-sided and very uninteresting, and a few more such displays will kill all public interest in baseball here. The managers have secured the services of Dean, late of the Washingtons, and Bunce of the Concords. With these new men the nine will be strengthened, and we hope to see the Eagles soar aloft again." Below we give the score:

EAGLE.	R.	P.O.	A.	1B.	E.
Roche, c.	0	7	0	0	4
Muir, 1st b.	0	13	0	0	0
Morris, 2d b.	0	1	5	0	0
A. McDonald, r.f	0	0	0	0	0
Speed, s.	0	0	2	1	3
Metcalfe, 2d b.	0	4	2	1	3
Pearce, c.f.	1	0	0	1	1
K. McDonald, p	0	1	3	0	4
Grainger, l.f.	0	1	1	1	1
Totals.	1	27	14	4	20

RED SOX.	R.	P.O.	A.	1B.	E.
Oran, r.f.	1	0	0	1	0
Redman, s.s.	2	2	2	2	1
Hallinan, c.	2	9	4	2	0
Houtz, 1st b.	1	13	0	0	0
Sweasy, 2d b.	0	2	4	0	1
Collins, p.	0	1	2	0	0
St. Lawr'ce, 3b.	1	2	1	1	0
Titus, 2d b.	0	2	5	2	3
Wiggins, c.f.	0	2	1	0	0
Nolan, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Jno. Mullen, 3d b.	2	2	1	5	3
Casey, c.	0	1	4	2	0
Casey, r.f.	3	3	2	0	0
Totals.	10	27	13	4	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Eagle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1
Red Sox	0	5	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	—10

Eagle—1. Red Sox—10.

Wild pitches—McDonald, 3. Umpire, M. Walsh, Olympic Club. Scorer, Robert Tyler.

OLYMPIC vs. LOUISVILLE.

On Tuesday, July 27, the Olympics and Louisvilles met for the second time this season, and for the second time the Olympics were victorious. Says our correspondent: "The Olymps. are a better club in every respect than the Louisvilles, and it was conceded by all that the former would have an easy victory. The only hope was that the Louisvilles could manage to keep their adversaries' score down low, but in this they also failed. Leach, the pitcher of the Olympics, endeavored, as usual, to bluff the umpire. This umpire-bluffing seems to be chronic with Mr. Leach, and the managers of his club owe it to themselves, as well as to the public, to see that it is stopped. Umpires should in all cases be treated with the utmost respect; and, when any member of a club repeatedly fails to show that respect, it then becomes the business of the club-managers to make him do it or dispense with his services." Below we append the summary:

LOUISVILLE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Morris, p.	1	0	4	6	
Boro, c.	0	0	0	0	
Ellinger, s.s.	1	2	0	7	
Raible, c.f.	0	0	0	0	
Haldeman, 1st b.	1	1	15	0	
Robinson, 2d b.	1	1	2	3	
Shreve, 2d b.	1	1	5	2	1
Snoddy, r.	0	1	0	0	
Miller, l.f.	1	0	1	0	
Totals.	6	8	27	18	

OLYMPIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Gordon, c.	0	0	8	1	
Walsh, 1st b.	2	2	11	0	
Dyler, 1 f.	0	1	1	0	
O'Brien, s.s.	0	0	0	1	
Burke, r.f.	2	2	1	0	
Leach, p.	0	0	0	4	
Brookshaw, 2d b.	4	1	2	5	
Riley, 3d b.	2	2	2	1	
Gault, c.f.	1	0	0	0	
Totals.	13	9	27	10	

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Louisville	1	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0—5	
Olympic	0	2	0	3	0	3	3	0	2—13	

Passed balls—Boro, 5; Gordon, 4. Base-hits—Louisville, 8; Olympic, 9. Wild pitches—Morris, 3; Leach, 1. Umpire, L. Billings. Time, 2h.

HARTFORD vs. ST. LOUIS.

These clubs met again at Hartford, Ct., July 27, about two thousand people attending. it was a finely-played game throughout, the pitching on both sides being a good one; only half a dozen base-hits were made during the game, while not a single run was earned. The result was in favor of the home nine by the score which we subjoin:

HARTFORD.	R.	1B.	A.	E.
Mayhew, r.f.	0	0	0	0
Geer, c.f.	2	1	0	0
Leaf, 3d b.	1	2	0	3
McGinley, c.	0	1	4	0
Somerville, 2d b	0	1	2	0
Latham, 1st b.	0	0	18	0
Wright, s.s.	1	1	0	5
Burr, l.f.	0	0	1	0
Nichols, p.	0	1	1	0
Totals.	4	7	27	10

ST. LOUIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, l.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Pearce, s.s.	0	0	1	1	1
Pike, c.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Chapman, r.f.	0	0	1	0	4
Hague, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1
Bradley, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Battin, 2d b.	0	1	0	3	0
Dehlman, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	0
Miller, c.	0	0	3	0	0
Total.	0	2	27	7	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Hartford	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0—4	
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0	

Runs earned—None. Bases on errors—Hartford, 4; St. Louis, 1. Fielding errors—Hartford, 3; St. Louis, 10. Umpire, Wm. Boyd of the Atlantics. Time, 1h. 45m.

RELIANCE vs. OLYMPIC.

The Reliance Club of Brooklyn, L. I., visited Paterson, N. J., on Tuesday, July 27, and were handsomely taken in by the Olympics of that city, as the score below shows. The Brooklyn nine played with eight men only, although the Olympics offered them the choice of any ball-player in the town outside of their own nine:

RELIANCE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holloway, s.s.	1	1	1	1	4
Swandell, 1 f.	0	0	1	2	0
Dover, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Shevlin, 2d b.	0	1	5	3	1
Kennedy, c.	0	0	2	0	9
Maloney, p.	0	0	1	1	1
Walker, 1st b.	0	2	15	0	2
Hodes, r.f.	0	1	2	1	1
Totals.	1	6	27	15	19

OLYMPIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Foran, 1st b.	0	1	9	1	0
Mullen, s.s.	0	1	3	2	0
St. Lawr'ce, 3b.	1	2	1	1	0
Titus, 2d b.	0	2	5	2	3
Lillis, c.	1	1	6	2	2
J. Mullen, 1 f.	3	2	2	0	0
Casey, r.f.	3	3	2	0	0
Totals.	12	14	27	11	5

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Reliance	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Olympic	0	3	0	2	0	0	6	0	1	—12

First base by errors—Reliance, 2; Olympic, 5. Runs earned—Olympic, 5. Umpire, Thomas Flynn. Time, 1h. 55m.

UNA vs. TAUNTON.

The Unas of Charlestown visited Taunton, Mass., July 25, and there defeated the Taunton Club by the score appended:

UNA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
E. Merrick, s.s.	1	2	3	5	3
W. Merrick, c.f.	1	1	0	0	1
Sears, 2d b.	0	1	0	1	4
Dodge, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Wilson, p.	0	0	2	1	1
Gilman, c.	3	1	6	2	0
Brown, 1 f.	1	1	0	0	1
Daly, r.f.	0	1	0	1	0
Sullivan, 1st b.	0	0	13	1	0
Totals.	6	6	27	16	16

TAUNTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carpenter, 2d b.	0	3	1	2	3
Waterman, p.	0	0	1	3	1
Latham, 1 f.	1	1	3	1	0
Allen, c.	2	1	8	1	6
Bates, s.s.	0	1	0	5	0
Peck, c.f.	0	0	2	0	0
Sullivan, 1st b.	1	0	11	1	0
Perry, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	3
Galligan, r.f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals.	5	7	27	13	16

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Una	0	2	0	1	2	0	0	1	0—6	
Taunton	0	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	0—5	

Umpire, O. Tilden of the Ed. Yan. Time, 2h. 15m.

ALASKA vs. HOBOKEN.

These clubs played at Hoboken July 26, and the backers of the Hoboken Club were so sure of victory that they freely gave odds at 25 to 15, but the Alaskas played a firm and confident game, and won by the following score:

ALASKA.	R.	HOBOKEN.	R.
Clayton, 3d b.	1	Keny, 1st b.	1
Cowell, s.s.	1	Donohue, 3d b.	0
Hankinson, p.	3	Holstein, c.	1
Dunning, c.f.	1	W. Hadley, c.f.	1
Rourke, 2d b.	2	McCracken, 1 f.	0
Wharton, r.f.	2	Shreve, s.s.	1
Rice, 1st b.	1	Gallagher, p.	1
McCormick, l.f.	0	R. Hadley, 2d b.	0
Dunnigan, c.	0	Lewis, r.f.	1
Total.	12	Total.	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Alaska	1	2	0	0	3	0	5	0	1—12	
Hoboken	1	0	0	4	1	0	1	1	0—8	

Umpire, T. Jolly, Flyaway Club. Scorers, Messrs. Rote and Meehan.

BURLINGTON vs. TRENTON.

An admirable game was played by these Jersey clubs at Burlington on Monday, July 26, it being the third game of their opening series, the first and second of which were won by the Burlingtons by scores of 3 to 1 and 9 to 6 (eleven innings). In this contest they again asserted their superiority, though they had very hard work to win by a single run, which was just half as many as they made.

TRENTON.	R.
Bradley, s.s.	0
Fennimore, 1st b.	0
Vanhorn, c.	0
Moore, c.f.	0
Mack, p.	0
Whitehead, 2d b.	0
Walters, 3d b.	0
Willis, r.f.	1
Webb, l.f.	0
McGowan, 1st b.	0
Total.	1

BURLINGTON.	R.
Sullivan, 2d b.	2
Jackson, 3d b.	0
Zoller, l.f.	0
Hagan, p.	3
Lane, c.	0
Keenan, 1st b.	3
Guise, s.s.	1
Ross, r.f.	0
Curry, c.	2
Total.	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Trenton	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Trenton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

Runs earned—Trenton, 1. Burlington, 8. First-base hits—Trenton, 8; Burlington, 5. Umpire, Mr. Swem. Scorers, Messrs. Stockton and Reed. Time, 1h. 35m.

GRAFTON vs. LIVE OAK.

More than a thousand persons witnessed a game played by these clubs July 26 for the championship of Massachusetts. Rain caused a stoppage of the game at the close of the seventh inning, the score standing as under:

GRAFTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, c.	0	0	5	1	0
Bigelow, 2d b.	1	0	1	0	0
Bradley, p.	0	0	1	4	0
Shattuck, 1st b.	1	2	7	1	0
Adams, l.f.	0	1	2	0	0
Stratton, s.s.	0	1	1	2	0
Knight, 3d b.	1	2	2	2	1
Salisbury, r.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Brewer, c.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Total.	3	7	21	10	1

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, s.s.	1	0	2	1	0
Whitney, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	0
Madden, 3d b.	0	0	4	1	3
McGlynn, c.	0	0	5	1	5
King, 1st b.	1	0	2	0	0
Nevins, l.f.	0	1	0	0	1
S. Record, r.f.	0	0	3	0	1
White, p.	0	0	0	4	0
W. Record, c.f.	0	2

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

SEE A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Aug. 2.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Mrs. Amos D.
Angelo, Clara
Atkins, Annie E.
Bertie, Mlle. (vocalist)
Boom, Jake
Beauchamp, Mrs. Emma
Bell, Emily (variety "biz")
Bushnell, Susie
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie
Booth, Mrs. J. B.
Clifton, Viola
Cole, Lena
Coombs, Jane
Crabtree, Lotta
Cawthorne, Mrs. S. C.
Connolly, Sadie
Chandella, Roy
Davis, Marv (with Jennie Carroll)
Davenport, Fannie
Davis, Laura
Delorme, Annie
De Witt, Emma
Dearden, Fannie
Dargon, Miss A. L.
Delmay, Lu-lu (2)
De Vere, Mrs. L.
Denike, Mattie (2)
Emerson, Dellie (song and-dance)
Foster, Perlie (2)
Forresier, Lillie (velocipedist)
Gilbert, Mrs. Gussie
Gardner, Carrie
Howland, Bianche
Henri, Flora
Helyne, Kathie
Hesiep, Grace N. (2)
Heron, Matilda
Kirby, Adele
Kent, Louise
Kane, Katie
Lillian Sisters
Lenton, Mrs. Herbert (2)
Leola, Olive (gymnast)
La Fetz, Millie
Little Etta
Lindan, Lillie (vocalist)
Little Nell
Lynn, Augusta
La Pointe, Lottie
La Grange, Lizzie
Marks, Jennie
Morrissey, Mrs.
Miles, Florence (of French Op. Bouffe)
Mitchell, Jennie
Markham, Pauline
McDonald, Flora
Mahon, Lizzie
Mitchell, Maggie
Moore, Agnes
Mason, Sallie
McWilliams, Mrs. Mary
Newton, Stella
Nelson, Nellie
Oates, Mrs. J. A.
Putnam, Katie
Peak, Fannie
Pierle, Nully
Price, Bijou
Pauline, La Belle
Robinson, Bessie
Rice, Emma (vocalist)
Realta, Mlle.
Russell, Millie
Rand, Rosa
Rainford, Lottie
Reynolds, Little "Vic"
Richmond, Hattie
Somers, Alice
Sanford, Kittie
Sinclair, Allie (minst. "biz")
Sanford, Elise
Sutton, Helena
St. Felix, Mad.
Schott, Angelique
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Scott, Mrs. Wm.
Seamon, Mrs. Minnie
Tournour, Jennie
Taylor, Mrs. E. C.
Thompson, Dollie
Vincent, Ida
Venus & Adonis
Wilson, Eliza (of Black Creek Co.)
Warner, Ella
Warren, Mrs. Y. or T.
Western, Lucille
Wells, Florence
Washburn, Libby H.
Wells, Minnie
Whisland, Kittie
Wyndham, Alice
Woods, Carrie (vocalist)
Zephy, Mlle. (song-and-dance)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, W. (of Arnold Bros.)
Austins, The Merry Adams, Edwin (actor) (2)
Amiar, Harry
Andrews, Emile
Andress, C. (with E. C. Taylor)
Arizona, Chas. Allen, "Doc" J. O. E.
Anderson, F. (with Keller)
Auck, J. (late of De Bar's)
Anderson, Jos. E.
Abey, Joshua V.
Arbuckle, M. (musician)
Albaugh, J. W.
Ahern, Chas.
Anderson, A. (of "Last Sensation")
Andre, E. A.
Arnold, Jas.
Barlow, Will G.
Buell, Ed. C.
Birch, Wm. (of San Fran. Min. Co.)
Brand & Leland
Bisbee, Frank (2)
Brown, Mr. (with Bloodgood)
Blake, H. (leading "biz")
Barr, J. L.
Barrett, Lawrence
Bastins, C.
Thomas' Orch.)
Beahm, E. (of Strakosch Co.)
Bremond, E. L.
Burch, Fred
Berrell, Geo. B.
Bernard, L. W.
Brault, Louis
Brunaux, Emile
Bothner, G. (of Strakosch Co.)
Bloodgood, Harry R.
Beach, Chas.
Butler, Ed S. 13c.
Booth, Manag. of of Edwin
Bennett, Wallace
Booth, Edwin
Bintaur, Stephen W.
Braham, Harry (comed.)
Burton, Thos. F.
Brown, T. M. (plantation)
Baldwin, Jas. G.
Brown, E. B.
Bonfinch, C.
Bryant, Nell
Beayton, Frank
Brennan, Bro. A.
Burgess, Cool
Bernard, Harry
Boner, Louis
Bird-all, Chas.
Baldwin, Professor (magician)
Bailey, (with "Old J. Robins'n)
Bliss, Chas.
Baird, J. W. (manager)
Carlysle, L. H.
Collier, O. (of Murray's Circus)
Carr, Frank
Carrington, Col. J. A.
Callender & McAuslan Co.
Coates, Jos. (song-and-dance)
Capoul, V. (of Strakosch Co.)
Castle, (of Feis' Bros. Circ.)
Clark, Jas. G. (vocalist)
Chormann, C. (of Howe's Cir.)
Cowles, B.
Crook, Jno. Jas.
Colby, Geo. W.
Collins, Billy
Craven, J. F.
Cavanagh, W. B
Cooke, Louie E.
Costello, F. (of Gibbs' Cir.)
Clarke, Kit
Cole, Edmund
Cupp, Mr. (with Burnham)
Campbell, Barney J.
Cannon, Jno.
Clifford, Edwin
Dougherty, S. W.
Dunbar, Frank
Dalton, E. Ross
De Leon, Leon
Dixon, Andrew (2)
Donohue, Hugh
Devere & La Belle Pauline, C.
Dayton, Dwight
Devere, Wm.
De Mott, Eugene J.
De Haven, Geo. W. (2)
Deverell, Thos. R.
De Haven, Claude G.
Dutton, H.
Danneman, F.
Dean, J.
Drew, Chas. H.
De Montague, Sig. (fire-king)
Dunbar, C.
Delehanty & Cummings
Daly, Bobby
Davis, D.
Day, Daul. (musician)
Devere, Chas. N.
DeLa Croix, Edwin
Dot, Admiral
"Emerald"
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (2)
Elliott, Mr.
Eastman, Jas.
Fitzgerald, Alex.
Fredericks, Oscar
Forrester, N. C.
Fairman, J. K.
Fredericks, W. (globe "biz")
Fersmon, Geo. W.
Ferdinand, Mons. (of Euree, Cir.)
Fleming, Hy B.

THERE WERE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) post-office on July 29, for Minnie Clifton of Bernard's Variety Co.; and Wm. Raymond, J. W. Morton, and Neil Bryant of Bryant's Minstrels.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Aug. 2, '75.

The Summer is passing away, and the sound of the festive mosquito is borne to us on the breezes that come fresh from the Jersey flats. The bull-toad's merry chirp, and the gentle thud of the hop-frog give certain indication that the Summer will soon be waning—swallowed up in the idea of September. The gentle whisperings of the loud-mouthed locust still breathe of hotter days to come; but the tireless, never-ending croak of the tree-frog, and the disturbing sound of the sleepless cricket on the earth, make confession that the melancholy days are coming, that the season of the sere and yellow leaf will be with us anon. [No, James; these thoughts are *not* born of beer; they are the results of an afternoon's excursion to the fields and grassy mounds of Tinicum, where the happy birds are unmolested by the guns of cruel boys, and where the bullfrog never exposes in fancied security.] The juicy tomato, ripe and rare as the beefsteak it is named after, grows apace; the sweet potato is beginning to show cause; the Spanish melon and the spicy nutmeg and citron are putting on their robes of emerald and rusty hue; while the happy clam sings sweetly of his native element as he basks in the glittering rays of the sun when the water is high. We could dwell on this theme forever. [Oh, not at all, James; is the *clam* the only theme that rises uppermost in your mind? Have you no thoughts about the beauties of nature—the rich fields of living green, and the glorious sunshine that illuminates the whole? Go to, thou art an arrant knave, and thy intellectual department seems to be centred in thy all-consuming stomach.] How pleasant to walk through a rich field of ripening corn, to listen to the unmusical cow bell that tells of the approach of the kine, and to gather up the ripening fruits that fall by the wayside. [That's so, Jimmy; we had forgotten all about the specialties of this department. It is so seldom that we get a glimpse of the country that our soul is filled with rapture as we "tumble to it," and our heart bounds to the rustic sounds of the primeval forest.]..... The absentees will please to take notice that the jig is up, and that they had better return to the places whence they came. "Calls" are being made, rehearsals are being meditated, and the scene painter is laying it on thick and fast. Awake from thy slumbers, thou man of sock and buskin; gird on the armor for the coming fray, and hasten to the front. Let the lovely dancer give o'er her Summer sports, and hie her to those coral caves and realms of bliss, where nymphs and angels disport in gauze and tights, and colored fires light up a myriad souls in regal bondage. [What's *regal* bondage? Now why do you put in every few minutes, and ask such unnecessary questions? If the valuable reader is willing to accept our remarks, so-valuable they are, why should you interpose?] From over the broad expanse of ocean come the returning managers and stars who have been twinkling in the firmament afar, or basking beneath the sunny skies of Italy. How fortunate it is for these little wanderers that they got through with their travels in Canada before the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co. was announced! But what will become of the remaining innocents abroad who trusted in this great banking house, and whose "letters of credit" have been declared worthless? What will *they* do, we should like to know? We hear of several peripatetic stars who, when they left America a few short months ago, deposited their surplus earnings of years with the great house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the cotton-clad banking house with the high-sounding name, because of its world-wide reputation for honesty and trustworthiness! What will these confiding depositors say when they come to realize the fact that their hard-earnings have been appropriated to other uses by the members of the infallible New York banking house? Nearly two years ago, another great house, that of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, foundered in the torrent, carrying down with it the property of many a player who deposited with them *for safety*! The country has scarcely recovered from the panic produced by the fall of that house when it is called upon to brace up against the later "stoppage" in New York. Is the country to continue to be at the mercy of these high-toned money jobbers, with whom honesty does *not* seem to be the best policy? Is the nation to be put through a periodical shock by the failure of big banking houses? Letters of credit, forsooth! What are letters of credit worth to the victims who are doing Europe and the continent? We call upon the—[Yes, James; we *are* getting off the track again; but when a poor devil is sent up for years for appropriating one hundred dollars not belonging to him, and the big rogue who steals millions is permitted to escape punishment owing to his respectability and reputation and honesty, we feel like crying out for vengeance.] Where did we leave off? Regal *bondage*. Why, we finished that and got all the way through the realms of bliss. Too true, too true! Let the juvenile man discard his adolescence, and the heavy man cast aside his levity; yea, let the low comedian give up his studious habits by the seaside; let the soubrette descend from her high estate at Saratoga; let one and all cast aside the frivolities of life and once more prepare to take their accustomed places among the realities..... The campaign is opened this week by skirmishers—the Vokes folks, who, we believe, did not confide their spare cash to the tender mercy of the Duncan-Sherman party, and so *they* are safe. [Why, James, you do nothing but interrupt us to-day. We did not say anything of the kind—there are to be no *trees* at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, though there will be a *lot of Oaks* there! Oh no; we didn't say *Lotta Vokes*; she goes it alone, does Lotta, and *pro-vokes* much amusement......"Death's at the Door," to which we alluded a few weeks ago as being one of the attractions at Gilmore's Garden, has no direct reference to the doorkeeper at that place..... "Wax diggers" are *not* the counterfeit presentment of those they are intended to represent. By no stretch of fancy can we learn that the figures of Henry Ward Beecher, in the wax collection of Madame Tussaud, in that city, is strikingly like Theodore. Isn't it strange? If wax works in such a contrary manner, better discard it altogether..... Now when the war of the Roses is revived by Messrs. Shook & Palmer and Augustin Daly, we shall look for a rattling display of artistic science and scientific art, and we shall delegate a special commissioner to see that the little affair is carried on under the strict rules of the Ring. [*Which* Ring? There be political Rings and theatrical Rings, circus Rings and prize Rings, all moving in their own respective circles, and each having lesser Rings, that revolve with the big concerns; so that you can take your choice.] We propose to compose a few lines in commemoration of things, and herewith we give the result of our best endeavors:

O ROSE!

Palmer & Shook import a "Rose,"
And say there'll be a fight
If Daly tries to "cop" a *right*
Without a *copyright*;
Augustin vows he'll "do" the play,
That will be war, in fact,
So in the Fall perchance his guns
May shell the Union-square.

.....On being told that Anna Leak, the armless lady, is building levees in Philadelphia, the suspicious James gives it as his opinion that the statement "is a frord—fur how kin a wummin without no arms hold *enything*? And, *urgo*, there haint bin no fips nor levies in Philadelphia ever aints the war sot in." Now how can such arguments be answered? And the best part of it is, that the youth really believes he has got the best of us.....A plous friend desires us to request all circuses intending to show in Woodbury, N. J., to be careful not to cover the blank side of his house with their show-bills. He says: "My house may be easily known by its close contiguity to the Methodist church and to the jail, of which I am class-leader and stockholder." Well, we admit that it *does* have a queer look to see a pious class-leader's residence ornamented with yellow ladies riding red bareback horses, and green and blue vaulters leaping over pink elephants and camels! The boys will at once see the inconsistency of such a connection, and hereafter make a bulwark of the blacksmith shop. What bothers us a trifle is the concluding portion of the dear brother's note—we have worked pretty hard at it, but cannot make out whether he is a class-leader and stockholder in the jail or in the other place. Aside from that, however, he is a "brick, and he feels grateful, and please act accordingly."..... And talking about *good* people, dramatic authors ought to be *very* happy; for, of all men, they are *piece* makers..... Somebody informs us that the recently organized "Figaro Club" of this city has been disorganized after a short existence, and now in a state of collapse, which means death. And so the untimely end must not be ascribed to the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., for the Figaros didn't figure 0 on their books. Want of sustenance, probably, killed it. To make an organization of that kind succeed it is necessary that it should be a well-stocked club, which this was not..... "A Friend," whose name, for obvious reasons—notably the fear of an unstuffed club—is withheld, wishes that those people who affect to *sing in concert, would* do so! Now, we've often thought of that, too, but, fearful of making a discord among the singers, we refrained from alluding to it..... And this reference to skilful singers and refractory musicians reminds us that in a certain town in India the best of the inhabitants are only able to *Sing-a-pore* song! And yet, in another, so unevenly is that far-distant country balanced, the music is *Delhi*-ghtful! In fact, its sweetness is *Indian-scribe-able*; that is, they have found no *India scribe able* to praise it as it deserves.....And "they say" that it is seriously contemplated to convert Gilmore's Hippodrome into an Italian opera-house next Winter. Better not. "The elite and fashion of the city" would not frequent it—fifty cents per ticket—the price contemplated—with the unterrified, and there would be a sort of wrangle between the dirty shirts and the opera-cloaks, and the music would soon be declared *contra-band* of war! Make a skating-rink of it, or a ball-room—anything but an opera-house might answer. Gilmore has done very well in his Summer house, at the expense of the prosperity of others who have made their mark [Why, of *course* they can write—we don't mean that kind of mark, Jimmy, and you should know better] in the musical profession. With our good right arm tied behind us, we invent and compose these touching lines:

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Theodore T. may be driven away—
From a field that was fair with promise—
Not by H. W. B., but by P. S. G.,
And his name isn't *Tilton*, but *Thomas!*

.....We break in to say gently to those interested that parties engaged in getting up menageries, or seeking curiosities for zoological gardens, may find what they want in the *City of Lyons!* And no other paper has the news! Big thing!.....See here—we one night went to hear Levy discourse sweet music, but in the end he, and we were sorely aggrieved at the disappointment. But cornet players *do*, now and then, send *subs to "toot"*.....We now propose to finish this overture with a few sympathetic lines *in re*

DALY "OUT," THERE!

Daly shot across the plains
At a heavy risk, oh!
But he didn't hit 'em hard
Out in San Francisco!
His "Assurance" was too much
For the party's fame;
Should "Bonanza" not retrieve,
Who'll he have to blame!

.....Ah! one moment. We had forgotten to mention that the Vokeses' season at the Fifth-avenue Theatre promises to be quite fruitful; for, in addition to "The Bunch of *Berries*" already referred to, they intend to give their patrons "A Happy *Pair!*"

CITY SUMMARY.

MR. CHATTERTON'S application to the Lord Chamberlain of England for an injunction to prevent George Belmore appearing in London, Eng., under any other management than that of the Adelphi Theatre, and to restrain him from departing for the United States, was on July 18 refused; so Mr. Samuel Colville informs us in a letter dated London, July 20. Mr. Colville also inserts a card, in another column, stating that Mr. Belmore will visit the United States for a professional tour under Mr. Colville's management, and that he would sail for this city in the steamship City of Chester, on July 29, which vessel will also bring the Julia Matthews Comic-opera Company, another attraction engaged by Mr. Colville, and whose future movements are foreshadowed in an announcement in our business department of this issue.

WILLIAM STUART has secured a lease from the new owner of the Park Theatre, which is to be opened under his management early in September. Prior to that time the theatre will undergo considerable alteration. A new front is to be erected on Broadway, and separate entrances will be constructed to the dress-circle and gallery. A new passage for exit will be built on either side of the parquet, leading across the stage and terminating on Twenty-second street. It is estimated that, after the changes shall be completed, the auditorium, if crowded, could be entirely vacated in some three minutes.

THE VOKES FAMILY commence an engagement of three weeks' duration, on Aug. 2, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, acting their well-known specialty of "The Belles of the Kitchen," which will be preceded by a one-act comedietta by Allan Field, the author of "A Happy Pair," entitled "His Own Enemy," which will then be performed for the first time in America. The cast will include B. T. Ringgold, Charles Rockwell, John Moore, I. Daveau, J. Sullivan and Miss Nannie Sargent. "A Bunch of Berries," the Vokes's latest novelty, is underlined for production on Aug. 9.

THE FOLLOWING STARS are to appear in succession at Wood's Museum: The Frank Frayne Combination in "Si Slocum;" Johnny Thompson, Kate Fisher, Joseph Proctor; C. W. Keene, who returns from California for a brief sojourn; F. S. Chanfrau, Hernandez Foster and Oliver Doud Byron.

JOHN T. RAYMOND is to commence an engagement at the Union-square Theatre on Aug. 16, acting Col. Mulberry Sellers, and once again the familiar phrase of "There's millions in it" will be heard in the land.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE is announced to be opened for a season on or about Aug. 16. Theodore Hamilton and Joseph Wheelock are the reputed managers.

THE COMPANY to support Miss Julia Matthews in comic-opera, under the management of Messrs. Henderson and Colville, will include Mlle. Marguerite Selvi, the Misses Rose Temple, Rose Keene, Lewis, Temple, Antoine, Hogan, Egerton, Smallwood and Cook; Mons. Delorme, Mons. De Smith, Messrs. Macdermott, Farrester, Collier, Hogan, Brennir, Harvey, Lawson and Quine. The conductor will be F. Stanislaus. The company was to have sailed from Liverpool, Eng., in the steamship City of Chester, July 29, and will open at Wallack's Theatre on Aug. 16 in "Blue Beard."

LILLIE M. PRESCOTT arrived from Paris, France, on July 26, and is residing in this city.

THE MISSES ROSINA, Jessie and Victoria Vokes, Messrs. Fred and Fawdon Vokes, John T. Raymond and wife, and Arthur Cheney returned from Europe in the steamship Russia on July 27.

J. H. LAINE, general agent of Dupres & Benedict's Minstrels, is in the city arranging for the appearance of the company at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, for a short season, commencing Aug. 9, their first appearance in that city in fourteen years.

ANNIE LOUISE CAREY sailed for Europe in the steamship England, July 31.

COTTON & READ'S MINSTRELS are to begin a season at Darling's (late Bryant's) Opera-house Aug. 23.

"THE SPY," a dramatization in four acts, by C. W. Barry, of the late J. Fenimore Cooper's tale of the Revolution of the same name, was acted for the first time on any stage at Wood's Museum on July 26, with the following cast:

Harvey Birch, the Peddler (a Patriot), assuming the character of a British Spy	Dominick Murray
Phineas Prayerful, a Preacher	
Betty Flanagan, the Sutler	
Gen. Washington	C. W. Barry
Capt. Jack Lawton	M. V. Lingham
Frances Wharton	Miss Gussie De Forrest
Cæsar Thompson	J. H. Burnett
Dr. Archibald Sitgreaves	A. H. Sheldon
Mr. Wharton	E. L. Mortimer
Capt. Wharton	Harry Colton
Major Dunwoodie	Harry Lee
Lieut. Tom Mason	Harry Stewart
Silas Skunk	Hamilton Harris
East Scud	Harry Clifton
Col. Wellmere	W. A. Gregston
John Birch	A. Sendlebeck
Sergeant Hollister	R. J. Lewis
Sarah Wharton	Miss Louise Sylvester
Miss Peyton	Mrs. M. L. Berrell
Kasy Haynes	Miss Theresa Wood
Betty Flanagan	Miss Nellie Sanford

C. W. Barry, M. V. Lingham, J. H. Burnett, and Miss Gussie De Forrest were especially engaged for the production of this piece. The dramatizer has succeeded in getting an excellent and interesting play, which should become popular. The dialogue is good, and is devoid of the bombast and buncomb usually found in plays of this description, written for the express purpose of exciting the patriotic feelings of an audience, without any regard for truth or nature. Gen. Washington is seen but three times during the entire play, and then but momentarily. In the first act he appears in the disguise of a Mr. Harper, and on the other occasions in his proper person. Many of the situations are striking and effective, and the acts all terminate with tableaux so well arranged that they were all redemanded. One of these was the reproduction of the well-known painting of Washington Crossing the Delaware, which was a faithful copy. Another was a mimic sea fight between American and English vessels, which was exceedingly well-managed. The action contains few improbabilities, and it is marked for fidelity to nature. It was, as a whole, well acted. Necessarily in a drama of this kind many of the characters must be merely sketches, and consequently they test the powers of the artist more thoroughly than if they had been more clearly defined. The chief interest naturally centres in Harvey Birch, which character was admirably acted in a natural and easy manner by Dominick Murray. His delivery is distinct, in a colloquial and intelligent manner, entirely devoid of rant. He was quite successful in concealing his personal identity in the various disguises assumed. Mr. Barry was successful in making up to closely resemble Gen. Washington, and his impersonation was marked by dignity and gentlemanly ease. M. V. Lingham has returned to the local stage after many years of absence spent in pursuing his profession in the West, and his conscientious and able portrayal of Capt. Jack Lawton makes us regret that he had not soonerreturned. He will be remembered by our older theatre-goers as a popular member of the company at Laura Keene's Theatre in its palmiest days. Miss Gussie De Forrest, an old favorite at this house, deserves commendation for an excellent portrayal of Frances Wharton. J. H. Burnett, as an old colored servant, Cæsar Thompson, sang and delivered his his dialect and acting being excellent. Little was seen of A. H. Sheldon as Dr. Sitgreaves, but during the time he was before the auditors he kept them well amused. Harry Colton was successful in his portrayal of Capt. Wharton, and A. Sendlebeck gave a very artistic impersonation of John Birch, Harvey's father. The ladies of the company discharged their duties satisfactorily, Nellie Sanford creating much laughter by her humorous portraiture of Betty Flanagan. Harry Stewart sang a song which elicited applause; and Harry Lee, who drove his dog-cart on to the stage, and was hailed by A. Gregston, who wore his bag wig pulled down over his brow so far that his natural hair was plainly visible, created some amusement which was quite unexpected. The drama attracted large audiences during the entire week. "Jack Sheppard," with A. H. Sheldon as Jack, is announced for the matinees. The auditorium has recently been thoroughly renovated, the chairs have been freshly upholstered, new mattings and oilcloths laid, and a new drop-curtain added which reflects much credit upon the artist, J. A. Thompson.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE is to be reopened for the regular season on Aug. 2, under the management of William Pastor and M. B. Leavitt, who will continue until Oct. 4, and then Tony Pastor will become the sole lessee and manager. The theatre has been thoroughly cleansed, and the auditorium repainted and freshly papered throughout. The front of the gallery and dress-circle have been redecorated in bright colors and gold. The private boxes have been reupholstered and supplied with new curtains. The spacious entrance hitherto used (No. 557 Broadway) has again been secured, and has been freshly papered and repainted, and the lamentable inconvenience of passing through the saloon entrance are now seen in front of the new. The opening company will include Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels; the Vaidis Sisters, gymnasts; Carrie Armstrong and J. H. Larkin, sketch artists; Bobby Newcomb, song-and-dance; Fayette Welch, negro comedian; Brennan & Donaldson, comic-singing of Mrs. R. A. Brennan, Mrs. George Wambold, Nellie Bean, Nelly Loraine, Messrs. R. A. Brennan, George Ware and Tony George; King Sarbro, gymnast; Lizzie Stemple, skipping-rope dancer; Hattie Forrest, serio-comic; Harry Kennedy, ventriloquist; Edna Markley and Emily Prior, vocalists; Eugene Blitz, Punch and Judy performer; Billy Wilson, negro comedian; Harry Phillips, character actor; J. H. Cooke, baritone; Kitty Stanley, change artist; Fanny Montague, soubrette; and Josie Warner, serio-comic.

THE SEASON at the Olympic Theatre closed on July 31, with a performance for the benefit of the attaches. Miss Alice Bennett appeared in addition to the regular company. During the recess the theatre will be cleansed and the decorations will be retouched. The next season will open on or about August 23, and it is said that John F. Poole is to have an interest in the business of the theatre from that time.

THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE, a new place of amusement, located on Third av., between Thirtieth and Thirty-first street, was formally opened on July 26, with Fred G. Maeder as the star. The company included E. R. Dalton, J. B. Browne, W. H. Lytell, Jr., Mrs. J. Walsh, Jr., Miss Lucia Daly, Miss Daly, J. Wilson, W. Jones; the Misses Ada Forrester and Blanche Mortimer. Jake Berry is the business manager.

R. W. BUTLER and Frank Murtha are busy renovating the Globe Theatre, which they will open Aug. 30.

THE BRYANT BENEFIT FUND.—The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the press:

"The treasurer has prepared his report of the several benefits and donations in behalf of the late Dan Bryant. The total is $16,163.99, including $7,000 from the theatrical managers of New York.

We confess to surprise in it. What is meant by "including $7,000 from the theatrical managers of New York"? The largest part of the amount realized was received from various benefits given at the New York theatres. Why don't the treasurer give his report to the public, including "a bill of particulars"? It is said that the entire sum was withdrawn from Duncan, Sherman & Co.'s bank only a few days before their failure.

"CHILPERIC" continues the principal attraction at Robinson Hall, and the former supplementary bill has been changed to Offenbach's operetta of "Lischen and Fritzchen." The reappearance of Miss Clara Fisher last week in "Chilperic" made a decided improvement in the cast and in the attendance, and the performances now run smoothly and give evident satisfaction. W. H. Woodfield has joined the company, and will make his first appearance this (Monday) evening in "Chilperic."

THE YOUNGEST CHILD of Josh Hart, the well-known variety manager, died at Carunna, L. I. (West Flushing), Aug 1, of cholera infantum.

HENRY SANDERSON is the business manager of the Metropolitan Theatre.

JOHN MARLOWE and Kate Fraser Fox have been engaged by the Kiralfy Brothers for their forthcoming season at the Academy of Music.

NUMEROUS RUMORS are in circulation as to the losses of professionals by the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co. Nothing definite is known, nor can there be until Judge Shipman publishes his statement. Among those known to have had funds on deposits in that house are William Wheatley, John Brougham, J. K. Emmet, Alexander Henderson, Samuel Colville, J. L. Toole, Theodore Moss, and H. J. Montague.

DRAMATIC.

OUR CINCINNATI correspondent, writing July 31st, says: "On the occasion of the benefit tendered to the disabled firemen, which took place last night, Wood's Theatre was found inadequate to contain the crowd which flocked to see the following programme, which was excellently rendered. The performance opened with 'Caste' with the following distribution of characters: D'Alroy, W. H. Power; Hawtree, H. C. Barton; Eccles, F. Bosworth; Sam Gerridge, Jno. Marble; Dixon, G. E. Arnold; Marquise, Mrs. Crampton; Polly, Mrs. W. H. Power; Esther, Miss Ella Leavitt. The latter lady, who is the leading lady of the Wilfield Dramatic Association, fairly won the laurels of the evening. 'Caste' was followed by an olio, introducing Charley King in new Dutch songs-and-dances, which won rounds of applause. He was followed by Kelley and Dempsey, song-and-dance artists, who sing well and dance excellently; their songs were well received, and their mimic hits kept the house in continuous roars of laughter. They open in St. Louis, Aug. 16, for two weeks at Looney's. Next week Haverly opens for one week. The regular season at Wood's will begin on Aug. 30.....The Grand Opera-house reopens Aug. 9 with Emerson's Minstrels, and will not close again, the minstrels being followed by the Union-square Combination, and they by the Wildman Company. The opening attraction by the regular company will probably be Bartley Campbell's 'Bulls and Bears.'"

NOTHING OF NOTE has transpired in the theatrical line in Chicago, Ill., since our last, and the dramatic attraction is all centered in "The Two Orphans," now in its fourth week at Hooley's Theatre, and yet no abatement in either the attendance, or the interest manifested in the play, wrote our correspondent on July 30, continuing: "The theatre is filled to repletion at every performance by fashionable assemblages, and people that can duly appreciate a fine drama. 'The Two Orphans' promises to be the attraction another week, after which 'Led Astray' is announced for the closing week of this splendid company.....McVicker's Theatre is undergoing extensive repairs, and being put in fine shape for the coming season.....The Grand Opera-house is being completely overhauled in the interior; and if we are not mistaken, this will be, when opened, the finest theatre in the West.....The Museum's future career is uncertain at present.....The Academy of Music is closed."

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, last week, the new arrivals were Miss Laura Fay, J. B. Johnson and Prof. Pharaxyn. Miss Fay evidenced a decided improvement over previous efforts, by her clever personation of Nan the Good-for-nothing. J. B. Johnson in his remarkable aquatic feats and Prof. Pharaxyn's sleight-of-hand tricks were rewarded with deserved applause, and proved attractive features of the programme. The Stuart Sisters, Shed Le Clair, Edwards & Hillier, C. T. Ellis, Fattie Stewart, Bob Butler, Lester and Allen, Smith and Waldron, J. K. Campbell, and Prof. Lawrence's troupe in "Female Groupings" satisfactorily filled out the lengthy programme. The company will be the same as heretofore during the present week, no new faces being announced.

POSTPONED.—On account of the inclemency of the weather on the evening of July 29, the farewell benefit of the Misses Minnie and Lillian Conway at the Brooklyn, L. I., Academy of Music, was postponed.

MESSRS. PILLET AND CONNOLLY, authors of a dramatization of "Around the World in Eighty Days," notify managers, in their card in this issue, "that according to a decision of the U. S. Marine Court their claim to the title of the above-named drama has been fully established." Col. T. Allston Brown, who acts as sole agent for its production in this country, can furnish particulars.

E. A. MCDOWELL'S "Shaughraun" Company commenced a short season at Ottawa, Ont., July 28.

CHARLES PLUSKETT'S Dramatic Company performed in Dubuque, Ia., July 30, 31.

JOHN W. BUXTON has been re-engaged for the coming season as comedian and stage-manager with Shiel's Dramatic Company.

ED. MARBLE, comedian, is engaged for the coming season at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES A. SWEETLAND joined the Susan Denin Combination July 22.

J. M. BARRON, L. L. Sharpe and Mrs. Fred Murdock will remain in Chicago, Ill., during the coming season, occupying the same position in the theatre in which they were engaged during the past season.

FAY TEMPLETON, child star, in her repertoire noticed in the card elsewhere, assisted by Alice Vane and Jno. Templeton and company, can be engaged for special star engagements and Southern and California tour.

J. M. SANDERSON advertises for an engagement as advance agent for a star or dramatic company.

MISS JOHANNA PRITCHARD, first eccentric and heavy, is open for an engagement. See card.

"QUEEN MARY," Tennyson's historical drama, arranged by Molyneux St. John, can be secured of Miss Kate Rance, who advertises that she can furnish an acting edition to stars and managers.

FRANK BOSWORTH is engaged for first old men and character business at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., for next season.

EDWIN CLIFFORD'S Dramatic Company closed a season of seventeen weeks at Marquette, Mich., July 20. Of the company, Mr. and Mrs. John Dillon returned to Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kirk joined E. Wight's Company at Pana, and Edwin Clifford returned to his home in Oshkosh, Wis.

MISS AGGIE WOOD is engaged for soubrettes at Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, the coming season.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON in Baltimore, Md., will open the latter part of August. At Ford's Opera-house "Henry V" will be the attraction.....The Holliday-street Theatre will open with "Round the Clock." C. L. Graves will be the stage-manager of this theatre.....The Front-street Theatre will, as usual, open with a variety entertainment.....It is not known when or with what the Academy of Music will begin the season, though the manager states that he has engagements that will occupy the best part of the time.

HARRY MORELAND and Miss Lou Sthel are engaged for the ensuing season with the Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack Combination, opening at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 2.

THE SUSAN DENIN COMBINATION is billed at Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 5, 6, 7, Grand Haven 9, 10, 11, Joliet, Ill., 12, 13, 14, Aurora 16, 17.

THE RICHMOND COMEDY COMPANY has closed its season, and Harry Richmond has returned to Columbus, O.

THE STOCK-COMPANY at the Walnut street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1875–76, will include Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcot, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Chapman, Miss May Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins Lawrence, Mrs. T. A. Creese, and Messrs. Roland Reed, W. H. Bailey, W. H. Jones, Frederick Bock, Willis S. Bartett—again engaged—and W. B. Turner. Geo. K. Goodwin will be the manager; Charles K. Burns, treasurer; Charles K. Southworth, box-book keeper; Charles R. Dodworth, leader of orchestra; Charles Walcot, stage-manager; C. T. Duval, prompter; and scenic artists, George Heilge and Richard Smith.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, will open on the 6th of September, with Mr. Daly's company in "The Big Bonanza." It will be followed by the engagements of E. L. Davenport, Mrs. J. A. Oates and Opera-bouffe Company, the Yokes Family, "A Bunch of Berries," Miss Fanny Davenport, Edwin Adams, Miss Lydia Thompson and troupe, and Miss Julia Matthews and English Opera-bouffe Troupe.

A YOUNG LADY is wanted to play in farces, with Forrester's Dramatic Company, which commences its season Aug. 30. See card.

THE SUMMER SEASON at the Boston Theatre, Mass., commences Aug. 2, with the engagement of Miss Katie Putnam. The house is under the management of J. J. Sullivan, with Charles F. Richards, business manager; Fred. Williams, stage director; and Jno. Braham, leader of orchestra.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS for the Harrigan & Hart Combination should be directed to M. W. Hanley, as per card.

THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN engaged for the coming season at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., are requested to report Aug. 12, as per card of J. H. McVicker.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY is wanted at the Opera-house, Canton, O., during the Fair week at this town. Apply to Louis Schaefer, who advertises.

W. COOKE POPE, leading man, desires an engagement with a traveling company. See card.

THE SUMMER SEASON at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., for the season of 1875-6 will be as follows: W. H. Leake, lessee and proprietor; Maurice Pike, manager; Herr Otto Voegler, leader of orchestra; W. A. Morgan, scenic artist; Nellie Jones, leading; Millie Sackett, soubrette; Tillie Malvern, juvenile; Mrs. Rynor, comedienne; Mrs. Campbell, O. Dale, character; Lilly O. Dale, second chambermaids; Maggie Steadman; Harry Richmond, leading; W. T. Melville, first walking; Harry Ryner, old men; Maurice Pike; John Ferris, heavy; Neil Gray, character; John Armstrong, juvenile; Jerome Stansell, George Rugley, E. Howard, and J. Williams, utility.

AMONG THE PEOPLE engaged for McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., for the coming season, are J. Leslie Gossin, leading man; Geo. B. Waldron, leading heavies; Miss Jennie Carroll, leading; Miss Elsie Moore, J. Ogden Stevens, and Albert Johnson. Mr. Rainford and Mrs. Frank Murdock will be retained from last season's company.

MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Chicago, Ill., which has so long been vacant, has found a tenant, and will be among the permanent places of amusement the coming season. R. L. Marsh has been negotiating for this place for some days past, and on July 29 the arrangements were completed. The

GEO. W. HORN and Al. Hulmes, general performers, whose specialties are mentioned in their card in this issue, will be at liberty after Aug. 18.

HARRY PIERSON, burlesque prima donna, is open for an engagement in his female impersonation. See advertisement.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are billed to show in Augusta, Me., Aug. 2, Waterville 3, Skowhegan 4, Belfast 5, Bangor 6, 7, and thence into the British provinces.

BILLY MANNING has returned to Chicago, Ill., from Cincinnati, somewhat improved in health, but is yet far from being well.

BILLY EMMERSON'S MINSTRELS are billed for Cleveland, O., Aug. 2, 3, and Toledo, 4.

EPH HORN, the veteran Ethiopian delineator, is seriously ill, having been an inmate of the Pennsylvania Hospital, Pa., for the past two weeks.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS will make their first appearance in Philadelphia on the 9th of August, at the Arch-street Theatre.

A FIRST-CLASS TENOR and alto singer is wanted for Mara's Georgia Minstrels. See Chas. B. Hicks' card.

CHARLES HEYWOOD, male soprano, returns to America in August, and will be open for engagements. See card.

DICK RALPH, negro comedian, is lying helplessly ill at his mother's residence in East New York, and is in sore need of pecuniary assistance. He was taken ill with rheumatism in January last, while fulfilling an engagement in Cincinnati, O. His mother went there to take care of him, and some two weeks elapsed ere he was able to be moved to his home. Upon arriving there he apparently improved, but suddenly was taken with a relapse, which affected his brain, leaving his mind a blank, and he has since remained in that condition. He was the sole support of a widowed mother, and, their pecuniary resources having been exhausted, they are in actual want. An appeal in their behalf is made to those members of the profession who feel charitably disposed.

CIRCUSES.

MELVILLE, MAGINLEY & COOKE'S CIRCUS is thus alluded to by *The Argus*, Albany, N. Y., July 22:

This excellent combination gave its closing performance in this city last evening before a large audience, every seat being filled. It was characterized by the same artistic finish and neatness as those which preceded it on Monday and Tuesday. The proprietors and performers are gentlemen, and we heartily endorse the commendation given below, which was handed Mr Maginly last evening. May success attend them.

A FITTING TRIBUTE.

CITY OF ALBANY, }
State of New York, July 21, 1875. }

MESSRS. MELVILLE, MAGINLEY & COOKE:

Gentlemen: We had the pleasure of witnessing your entertainment during your stay in this city, and found it meritorious in the highest degree. Your performance throughout was exceptionally free from coarse or offensive, and therefore deeming it our duty to acknowledge the superiority of your company, we assure you, should you ever return to the city of Albany, you will meet with a hearty welcome.

Wishing you success in your travels, and with our best recommendations wherever you appear,

We remain, gentlemen, yours truly.

E. L. JUDSON, Mayor of Al- JOHN MALOY, Chief of Police.
bany. ALBERT GALLUP, Sheriff.
C. VAN BERTHUYSEN & SON. DANIEL LISTENBEE.
JOHN CLENSHIRE. Col. J. C. UTZLER, *Morning Express*.
D. L. BABCOCK.
Col. J. S. DICKERMAN. JAMES MCQUADE, Chief Engineer.
JOHN BRENNAN, Captain of Police. THOS. WILLARD, Police Commissioner.
THOS W. STEVENS.
PHILIP O'BRIEN, Fire Commissioner. JOSEPH HOGAN, Alderman.
Gen. D. M. WOODRALL.
And others.

A FIRST-RATE BAREBACK HORSE for trick riding is advertised for by Chas. W. Fish.

A REPLY to the challenge of Robt. Stickney, published in our last issue, can be found in our business department, this week. The acceptance is from Fred O'Brien of Howes' London Show, and gives particulars of interest.

WILL ROBERTS and HARRY PALMER, trapeze performers, are referred to Miss Minnie Rainforth's card, in which they are requested to communicate with the lady.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS is performing in the mining districts. Fred Runnels joined the company at Omaha, Neb., and Tom Clifford at Kansas City, Mo., and in consequence the tumbling has become a feature.

JOHN ROBINSON'S SHOW is to exhibit at Fort Wayne, Ind., Aug. 2, Van Wert, O., 3, Lima 4, Forrest 5, Upper Sandusky 6, Bucyrus 7, Mansfield 9, Wooster 10, Massillon 11, Canton 12, Alliance 13, Salem 14, New Brighton, Pa., 16, Titusville 21. Sam Joseph joined the advance brigade on July 22.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME did not remain in St. Louis, Mo., a second week, as we were informed by a correspondent, but followed up the route as published in THE CLIPPER.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the Sadler show has not closed. We are in receipt of a letter from an attache of that show, who assures us that Sadler's Circus collapsed at Muskegon, Mich., July 24.

SELLS BROTHERS' CIRCUS performed at Flint, Mich., July 27, East Saginaw 28, Saginaw 29. They will remain in the northwest until Aug. 28, when they will ship to Louisville, Ky., and there commence a Southern campaign, which they intend shall continue until Jan. 1, 1876.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME drew an immense concourse at Peoria, Ill., July 30. Fully twenty thousand people were in attendance at both entertainments.

JOHN AND MARY POWERS, heavy weights, an educated pig, snakes and things constitute the only tent show that is permanently located in Saratoga, N. Y.

W. W. COLE'S N. Y. and N. O. Circus is to show at Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 6.

PROF. DONALDSON, who, in company with M. S. Grinwood, made a balloon ascension from Barnum's Hippodrome, Chicago, Ill., July 15, has not since been heard from, and possibly he was drowned in Lake Michigan. A terrible gale prevailed during the night following his ascent. He carried some nine hundred pounds of ballast, and it is thought that the balloon may have collapsed, and the basket with its living freight may have sunk in the lake ere the ballast could have been discharged. Washington Harrison Donaldson was born Oct. 10, 1840, on the east side of Second street, above Wharton, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia, Pa. His father, David L. Donaldson, was an Alderman in that district for several terms. When a boy, Wash. was very fond of athletic sports, and practiced feats of balancing himself upon a ladder, walking a tight rope, etc. He became an adept as a magician, and an admirable ventriloquist. For several years he gave public performances of double acrobatic and gymnastic feats, often prefacing his exhibitions by walking a rope stretched across a street and canfined to the chimneys of buildings. A few years ago he took a fancy to aeronautics, and constructed a balloon and made several ascensions from Reading, Allentown and other places in Pennsylvania; and at such times he gave performances upon a trapeze suspended below the basket of the balloon. His experience in making ascensions led him to believe that there was an easterly current of air in constant motion, and that, if he could find it, a trip across the Atlantic Ocean was feasible. The result of this idea brought him prominently before the public, and he was then engaged by P. T. Barnum to make ascensions in connection with his Hippodrome, and it was in the conscientious fulfillment of his duties that he started upon the perilous voyage which has probably cost him his life. He was married to a young lady of Reading, Pa., from whom he was subsequently divorced. He had two children, for whom he ever manifested much affection.

TED ALMONTE, grotesque clown, states in a card elsewhere that he has not been engaged by Howes & Cushing, but is still open for a chance in the arena.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., was considerably damaged by water on the evening of June 26, caused by the city being supplied with water from the new reservoir. The water shot up in force to the tops of the highest buildings, and the joints of several pipes under the roof of the opera-house not having been packed, the water rushed out in torrents. The carpets of the reception rooms of the Masons were thoroughly saturated, the ceiling and walls were soaked, and a large portion of the dome of the Opera-house was penetrated by water.

J. M. ROZELL advertises for an engagement as assistant agent or programmer, etc.

J. MORLEY, who can be addressed as per card, wants an engagement as property-man or scenic-artist's assistant.

YOUNG MAGICIANS wanting to purchase magical apparatus at a bargain are referred to C. Mervin Jr's. advertisement.

FITZSIMMONS, stage and business manager, writer, advertiser, etc., notifies managers in his card that he is now open for an engagement.

THE NEWARK, N. J., OPERA-HOUSE, is advertised to rent by H. B. Marshall, proprietor.

MAGICAL ILLUSIONS can be obtained of L. Fisher, who advertises.

A GOOD CALCIUM LIGHT, with all the necessary apparatus, is advertised for by Dan Shelby.

SIGNOR BLITZ, magician, performed at Ludlow, Vt., July 28, Proctorsville 27, Feltsville 29.

A MAGIC ON THREE HANDKERCHIEFS is offered for sale by Ella Warner, who advertises.

BEN BROWN, manager of the New York Comedy Company and Specialty Troupe, who are now performing in the gold regions of Colorado, advertises elsewhere.

MCCORMICK'S MUSIC HALL, Chicago, Ill., can be secured by applying to the manager as per card, in which he gives particulars in regard to the house.

MAGIC TRICKS, cards, etc., can be procured of Queen & Co., as per advertised address.

W. WILMARTH, a young man who advertises that he is the possessor of a good voice and a strong inclination for the stage, desires a position.

DR. G. W. KIMBYR, ventriloquist and magician, performed at Flat Rock, Mich., July 27.

O. H. BUTLER, advance and business agent, desires an engagement for the coming season. See card.

ASTON E. KELLY, an Irish comedian who performed at panoramic exhibitions, and was quite a favorite with the public, was drowned in Bowery Bay, near Long Island City, L. I., on July 23. He was very fond of piscatorial sports, and was out in a boat with his rod, when it was thought that he was overcome by the heat and fell overboard. He was seen struggling by several people on shore, who hastened to his assistance, but failed to reach him in time. He left a despairing cry he sank to rise no more. He has left a widowed mother.

HELMER'S HUMAN HAIR HOUSE can be found advertised in another column, theatrical wigs being a specialty.

TWO REMODELED second-hand opera-house chairs are wanted by T. Kearney, who also advertises that he has a tame buffalo for sale at a bargain.

SCRANTON OPERA-HOUSE, Pa., is open for rental during 1875-6. Managers can address Jos. Walker, business manager, as per card, for terms, etc.

J. R. JACKSON & BRO. of 112 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, have issued a neat little theatrical calendar for the season of 1875-6. Managers and performers in the various branches of the profession will find it quite useful.

ANNA E. LEAR, the armless lady, was on exhibition at 2,606 Hamilton street, Philadelphia, during the week ending July 31.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL GAMES of the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia will be held on the 16th of August, at Schetuan Park, in that city.

VARIETY TALENT, young ladies for first part, and ladies and gentlemen desiring engagements for next season are referred to Davis & Co.'s advertisement.

ROBINSON OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., can be rented by applying to Davis & Co., who advertise.

ANNA LA MONDE, female illusionist, advertises for an engagement for the Fall season.

AT MCCALL'S OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., the season commences Aug. 30 under the management of E. McCall, who desires first-class dramatic and variety attractions to address him for engagements as per card.

THE TENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Washington Schuetzen Verein will be held at their park Aug. 3, 4, 5. Among the attractions advertised are John Le Clair, Mons. Lemke, and Mlle. Blanche, comedienne. Prof. H. M. Parker and his trained dogs, Prof. Murray's exhibition of stereoscopic views, and the Washington Pantomime Club.

WHITNEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Detroit, Mich., is being pushed quite rapidly, although we fear it will not be finished by September, the time advertised. Manager Davy has returned from New York, and states he has twenty-six weeks' time filled.

CHAS. B. CHAPIN, advance agent, is open for an engagement, and can be addressed care of S. Booth, as per card.

THE BALTIMORE, MD., GENERAL TICKET OFFICE, which has been for the last ten years under the superintendence of Alvin Talbott, will resume operations with the opening of the theatrical season in September. Reserved seats and tickets can be purchased at this stand for all the legitimate houses in the city, and also for traveling companies, as per advertisement.

JOHN W. GERDEMAN lectured on "Ten Years in the Priesthood" on the 25th of July, at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia. The attendance was very large, and the street in front of the building was nearly filled with people, who had been drawn there in anticipation of a disturbance; but nothing occurred to disturb the general harmony.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, was well attended during the week ending July 31. Additions are daily being made to the already large collection of animals now on exhibition there.

THE BERRIMAN TROUPE open at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 16.

DR. W. H. PAWLEY'S convictions, based on the autopsy of the Siamese Twins, are just published. He says: "No operation of section of the band, for the purpose of separating the twins in adult life, could have been performed, and their lives preserved." But he likewise says: "That it would have been judicious surgery, upon the death of Chang, to have at once applied a strong ligature around the band, as far as possible from the body of Eng, and then to have cut through the band, between the ligature and the body of Chang."

MERCHANT'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND and a stereopticon are offered for sale in the owner's card in another column. They can be purchased with all the necessary appurtenances.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for a sideshow. See C. F. Cooper's card.

ZERA, magician and ventriloquist, is to show in Blairsville, Pa., Aug. 4, 5, Indiana 6, 7.

HEARN'S HIBERNIAN ORGAN were exhibited in Pictou, N. S., July 30, 31. Route: Amherst Aug. 2, Moncton, N. B., 3, thence to Chatham and Newcastle for one week.

A SIDESHOW TALKER is wanted for the fairs by Sheldon, who advertises especially for Geo. Ford.

ITALIAN MARIONETTES and a full set of pyramid decanters can be purchased at address advertised in this issue.

A. V. WILSON advertises that he has $3,000 to invest in the show business, and desires communications stating particulars.

NICK NORTON, juggler, plate spinner and general performer, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

HARRY WESTON, business-manager, is disengaged, and can be addressed as per card.

GEORGE C. NEWELL is requested to send his address to Frank J. Mayer, as per card.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

OUR FOREIGN ADVICES are dated London, Eng., July 18. The following benefits had taken place for the sufferers by the recent inundations in France. A matinee was given at the Gaiety Theatre July 10, when the entertainments began with a concert in which Mlle. de Belocca sang, and Mlle. Vittoria de Bono performed a violin solo; Mlle. Marie Dumas gave French recitations; the farce of the "Rough Diamond" introduced J. B. Buckstone and Miss E. Farren; and the second act of the opera of "Galatea," with Mlle. Naddi and Messrs. Martin, Barbet and Bore in the cast, concluded the entertainments. ..... At Drury-lane Theatre a performance was given on the evening of July 14, which included the fourth act of "The Ticket-of-leave Man," with the principal members of the Olympic Theatre in the cast; the last act of "La Fille de Mme. Angot," by the company from the Criterion Theatre; the second act of "Nicholas Nickelby," by the company from the Adelphi Theatre; Mme. Torelli-Bettini and Mme. Rose Perkins in songs; an act of "Our Boys," by the company of the Vaudeville Theatre; and Geo. Conquest's performances with the wonderful head. ...On July 15th a morning performance was given at the Alhambra, which included the comedy of "En Wagon." Miss Emily Fowler acting in French, aided by M. Bilhaut; a violin solo by M. Claude Jaquinot; a duet from "La Filleule du Roi," by M. Pages and Mlle. Pauline Luigini; a song by H. Waldham, a new tenor; Charles Collette in his sketch of "While It's to be Had;" a scene from the burlesque of "Don Juan," and the new ballet of "Cupid in Arcadia." ..... New plays had been produced at the Grecian and Marylebone Theatre, an account of which may be found on another page. ..... Salvini made his last appearance in London, July 16, acting Othello. ..... At the Adelphi, "Nicholas Nickleby" was performed for the 102d time, July 17, and was announced for continued representation. ..... From the Globe Lottie Wilmot's company departed July 17, and Mr. and Mrs. Billington were announced to open July 19. ..... At the Queen's, George Rignold was acting Clancarty in the drama of that name. ....Miss Julia Mathews was to appear at the Gaiety Theatre July 24, and on the following Monday and Tuesday in "Barbe Bleu," prior to her departure for America. Miss Mathews was to be supported by the ladies and gentlemen engaged for her foreign tour.

GEORGE NEWTON has entered into an engagement with Arthur Cheney for an eight months' starring tour through the principal cities of the United States, opening at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mr. Cheney will leave England about the end of August.

M. CONNOLLY, recently leader of the orchestra at Booth's Theatre, is engaged for a like position at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., for the coming season.

BARRY SULLIVAN received the honor of a complimentary farewell banquet at the Alexandra Palace, London, Eng., July 14, the Earl of Dunraven in the chair. In response to a numerously signed request he was to perform at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., July 26, 27, 28, in "The Lady of Lyons," "The Gamester," and "Hamlet." Arrangements were in progress there to give him a farewell banquet at one of the principal hotels, and he was to sail for America in the steamship Germanic on July 29.

J. C. COWPER, who came to America with Miss Kate Bateman some years ago, has been engaged by Arthur Cheney of the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass.

MR. AND MRS. BANDMANN have gone to the Bavarian Mountains for Summer rest and recreation.

THE COLONNADE of Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., was displaced by the violent storm of July 11, and fell into Russell street with a tremendous crash. It was fortunate, indeed, that the accident happened when it did, or a most serious catastrophe might have been the result. No one was hurt, and early on the following day the necessary repairs were at once proceeded with, so that not the slightest interference took place with the performances of the day—a morning one, in which Signor Salvini appeared, and an evening representation of "Lohengrin." The portion of the colonnade swept away weighed many tons.

W. H. CHIPPENDALE.—An influential committee has been formed to organize a benefit performance for W. H. Chippendale, for many years stage-manager and actor at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng. This well-merited compliment is to be paid at the establishment just named on the morning of July 28. E. A. Sothern is treasurer, and Gaston Murray hon. secretary to the movement.

COMEDY AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The directors of this resort have arranged for a series of standard English comedies to be presented, commencing on July 24 with "The School for Scandal." The services of several artists of eminence have been secured.

JAMES TAYLOR, "the London Comique," has been acting at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., in "Simon, or the Lost Heir Restored."

CAMILLE DUBOIS, formerly with the Lydia Thompson Troupe, is acting at the Globe Theatre, London, Eng.

MRS. JOHN WOOD and company were performing in Liverpool, Eng., her native town.

CARLOTTA LECLERCQ began a twelve nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Scotland, July 19.

MRS. MARY GLADSTANE was to commence her third provincial tour at Scarborough, Eng., Aug. 9.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S letter from London, Eng., dated July 20, arrived so near the hour of THE CLIPPER'S going to press that we can find space for the following only:

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE is now occupied by an excellent comedy company, under the management of Mr. C. Wather, with Edgar Bruce, Esq., as generl director. The bill for the past week was the same every evening; commencing with a comic sketch by Howard Paul, entitled "Locked Out;" followed by "Alone;" and closing with "The Wedding March." "My Locked Out" is but a half hour's sojourn in the sidewalk. A lady and a gentleman, who live in opposite houses in the same street, attend the theatre (not in company), and on returning home at midnight they are, by a singular coincidence, both locked out from their homes. Here in the dark, and a pitiless, drizzling rain, begins an acquaintance which terminates in love, happiness and matrimony. The sketch has but two characters, and these were ably sustained by Miss Rose Egan and Howard Paul, the author. "Alone" is a new comedy drama, from the combined pens of J. Palgrave Simpson (secretary of the London Dramatic Association) and Herman C. Merrivale. A wealthy old man, who has been made to believe that his daughter has been seduced, disowns her, and soon becomes blind. As the wolves gather around a wounded buffalo on the prairie, so do relative-parasites flock around the broken-hearted and blind old man with the hope of tumbling him into the grave and obtaining his property. The infamous plans of the heartless villains are all cleverly and artistically exposed, the old man's eyesight is restored by a skilful physician, the daughter is found to be innocent and is forgiven, and the crafty relatives are kicked out of the house with energetic promptness. The play abounds in wit of three distinct qualities—playful, cutting and philosophical. The dialogues are all interesting, and most of them sprightly and sparkling, with now and then a clammy and oppressive cloud of the thickest and purest touches of heartfelt pathos. As proof that these passages were understood and properly rendered by the players, I have but to mention the fact that the audience were frequently offering involuntary applause, by both tears and laughter. The players whose acting particularly commanded my admiratk n in this piece were as follows: Mr. Clifford Cooper as the blind father; W. H. Hill, crafty relative; E. Bruce, as the philosophical doctor; and Miss Pauline Markham, a dashing young widow, who didn't care how the thing terminated, so that she was satisfactorily mated. Take it all in all "Alone" may be pronounced one of the ablest of modern plays, and one that will be likely to have a run of many weeks. "The Wedding March" is announced as a new play by F. Latour Tomline. This is but the nom de plume of the able writer W. S. Gilbert. "The Wedding March" is in decidedly Frenchy that the conception of it never could have occurred anywhere else in the world but in France. It would be more appropriately named, if called "Off and On!" A young man is to be married. On the wedding-day, the father-in-law (it ought to have been a mother-in-law) becomes, angry half a dozen times, and stops the proceedings by crying "It's off!" As soon as he is pacified, he good-humoredly exclaims "It's on!" Owing to the bridegroom's horse having eaten the straw hat of the wife of a major-general, the lady comes to the young man's residence, and refuses to leave the house until he procures the exact counterpart of that hat. In this effort, the young man is followed by the expectant bride, her simple-hearted but irritable old father, her cousin lover, and a score of country guests; all of whom are constantly committing blunders, and keeping the audience in a roar of laughter. The whole party go through a military establishment like a dose of castor oil, and from that into the police station. The hat is finally obtained—the Lord only knows how—and the curtain rings down with everybody happy, and wondering what it is all about! .....Prof. Rudolf, the celebrated aerial juggler from America, has been playing a few brief star engagements here in London with great success. He leaves for Paris on the 25th inst. ..... Amos Wenzell, of Sixth Wheeling, Va., for the past three years has been "Reading from the Poets" in the Western American cities, has lately arrived in London. In case of failure as a reader, he proposes to try the role of tragedian. He is now negotiating with the various London managers for a star engagement, either tragedy or comedy—he is indifferent which."

MUSICAL.

SIGNOR RINALDI the baritone, who made a favorable impression at the Paris Italian Opera last season, has just died of typhoid fever. He was to have been married in a short time to Mlle. Sabbatrelles, who also appeared at the Salle Ventadour in the Winter. Signor Rinaldi was not only a talented singer, but also a composer of some merit.

CARLOTTA ZERRAHN, formerly with the Lydia Thompson Troupe, was singing in opera at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, Ireland.

DEATH OF MADAME JULLIEN.—Besides the various persons associated in many ways with the theatrical profession, there will be a large number of private friends who will hear with great regret of the sudden decease of Madame Jullien, the widow of the once extremely popular Musa. Jullien, whose name is peculiarly identified with the early direction of promenade concerts. Madame Jullien, who appeared in possession of her usual health but a short time previously, expired on July 13 from the effect of an apoplectic seizure. Since F. B. Chatterton had become sole lessee of Drury Lane, Madame Jullien had always been retained on the establishment in an official capacity, and her taste and experience in costume and the art of decoration made her services especially valuable. Her age must have been about fifty-three. The funeral took place at Kensal-green Cemetery, July 17, at 3 o'clock. We understand that deceased by her will leaves the whole of her effects to Mr. F. B. Chatterton, whose great kindness she keenly appreciated, and whom she regarded as her best friend.

EMILY SOLDENE and troupe were performing in Manchester, Eng.

VIZMO, before leaving Vienna, was created a Knight Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph by the Emperor. He promised the monarch a new work, written especially for Vienna.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON gave her annual concert on July 14 in Albert Hall, London, Eng. That vast edifice was crowded in every part. She was assisted by Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mlle. Belocca, Sims Reeves, Signors Campanini, Foli and numerous others.

VARIETY HALLS.

HARRY JACKSON was giving his entertainment of "The Heads of the People" at the Crystal Palace Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng. He has added Dr. Kenealy to his list of characters.

ACCIDENT TO LITTLE ELSPA.—Elspa, one of the infant acrobats who have for some time past been creating quite a sensation at Mr. Arthur Lloyd's Theatre of Varieties, at Dublin, met with an accident on July 12. He fell from the gridiron into the paint room, a distance of some twenty feet, but fortunately escaped from any serious injury. He suffers, however, from the shaking received.

ORVILLE PRESCHER was performing at Pullan's Theatre of Varieties, Bradford, Eng.

THE RIZARELLI BROTHERS were performing at the Rotundo Gardens, Dublin, Ireland.

J. H. MILBURN was engaged at the Britannia, Glasgow, Scotland.

HARRY RICKARDS, Mlle. Lottie D'Este, and Mlle. Katrini, gymnasts, and Frank Angell, announced as the "champion gymnast of America," were at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng.

LISA WEBER, formerly of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, was at the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, London, Eng.

CANFIELD AND BOOKER were performing at the London Pavilion. "Jolly" John Nash, Cheevers and Kennedy, and the Weston Sisters were also in the company.

MADERMOTT was to take a farewell benefit at the London Pavilion July 27, prior to an American tour.

JOHN PENDY was at the Royal Cambridge Music Hall, London, Eng.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

SUICIDE OF THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "FEMALE CHRISTY MINSTRELS".—On July 12 an inquest was held by the district coroner, Mr. Gilbertson, at the police station, Blackpool, on the body of Frank J. Cooper, aged 35 years, and known as the "Proprietor of the Female Christy Minstrels." The deceased, who had been in Blackpool only a few days, had been drinking to excess. On Sunday night he left his lodgings at 11 o'clock, and did not return until about 11 o'clock on Monday night. He then sat talking to his brother-in-law, Edward Singer, until about 12.30, when he retired to rest; but he rose again at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, telling his wife he would go down stairs for a little brandy. In a short time she heard him groaning, and, on going downstairs, found him lying on the floor of the sitting-room, bleeding profusely from a frightful gash in his throat. On seeing her he muttered: "Forgive me!" and she ran up stairs for her brother, who tied a cloth round the deceased's neck, and brought Dr. St. Clair. That gentleman, when he arrived, found Cooper quite dead, his windpipe having been completely severed with a knife that was lying on the floor. It was stated that the deceased had been in a very low way for some time, and had "rambled" in his conversation. The jury returned a verdict of 'temporary insanity."

ST. JAMES' HALL, Liverpool, Eng., is being rapidly rebuilt, and Sam Hague expects to open about November next.

SAM HAGUE'S MINSTRELS closed a season in Sheffield, Eng., July 17.

CIRCUSES.

SANGERS' HIPPODROME was being exhibited in Liverpool, Eng.

FOOTITT'S CIRCUS was in Margate, Eng.

BATTY'S CIRCUS was in Northampton, Eng.

MYERS' AMERICAN CIRCUS is exhibiting in the Wursti Prater, Vienna, a wonderful wooden city, well known to all visitors to the Exhibition of 1873, where hundreds of shows and as many open-air concerts and balls are crowded nightly. Among Myers' attractions are eight trained elephants, under the control of John Cooper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FEMALE INDIAN ELEPHANT in the Zoological Garden, London, Eng., died on July 7. The cause of its death has not been accurately discovered, though the body has been subjected to a post-mortem examination. The elephant in question will be remembered as one of those upon whose backs it has been the delight of thousands of children to ride year after year. Its exact age has not been ascertained, but it is believed to have been about twenty years old. The immense quantity of food consumed by the animal daily appears almost incredible. It is calculated that, on ordinary days, the amount of food, in the shape of buns, biscuits and fruit, given to each elephant by the visitors, together with that supplied regularly by the keepers, cannot have been less than eighty pounds. The Indian elephant is, as a rule, much more tractable and capable of domestication than its African relative. The subject of this memoir was generally on excellent terms with its keepers, whose voice was in most cases sufficient to insure strict obedience to their instructions. A gentle tap with a cane or whip was all that was necessary to recall the wandering attention of the animal. The brain weighed over twelve pounds. It will be placed in spirits, and deposited in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Mr. R. H. Garrod, the prosector of the Zoological Society, is about to prepare the skeleton of the animal for exhibition.

HENRY IRVING gave readings at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., on July 14.

FERILOUS BALLOON ASCENT IN LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Yodeman Jr., who has been doing balloon ascents in connection with Messrs. Sangers' fetes in Liverpool, had a narrow escape on July 13. It had been the intention of Mr. Youens to take at least one passenger, but, owing to the bad and hazy weather, he wisely determined to go alone. The balloon rose at a quarter to seven, and was following from the west. Mr. Youens expected to go inland, and ascended to an elevation of a mile and a quarter. Then, to his surprise, twelve minutes after starting, he found the wind had suddenly changed, and that he was drifting rapidly over the town seawards. He at once began to descend, and passed over St. Peter's Church about half-past seven, at an elevation of not more than 1,000ft., it being then apparently his intention to pass over into Wirral, Cheshire, and reach terra firma somewhere about New Brighton or Wallasey. As he approached the river, however, he encountered a fresh current, and, instead of carrying him into Cheshire or sending him back to Lancashire, would, so far as he could judge, have taken him right out into the estuary, and then—he could not even guess where. Having, on the one hand, no desire to drift out on a rainy, hazy night, on an exploring expedition into the sea, and, on the other hand, no time to lose, he determined to descend at once, making for the smooth and nearly flat roof of a large warehouse in Fazakerley street, in the lower part of the town. He succeeded in touching the roof, and tried to make all secure, but at that moment a sudden gust of wind carried the huge inflated mass against some telegraph wires, and thence against a chimney-stack. In a moment the balloon was in shreds, and Mr. Youens was thrown out of the car, falling on to the roof of a shed below, a distance of forty feet. He received a severe shock and bruises on the left side, but was exceedingly fortunate in escaping without serious injury. The balloon is a complete wreck, and will be a heavy loss—certainly over £100—to Mr. Youens. Assistance was speedily at hand; and Mr. Youens was heartily cheered by the crowd that assembled, which hoisted, or rather pulled, the shed seriously injured, in carrying him shoulder high for a considerable distance. Another ascent for the 14th having been advertised, Mr. Youens telegraphed for another balloon, and hoped it would arrive in time to prevent disappointment, having evidently no fears as to his physical ability to make yet another visit to the clouds.

ROBERT HELLER the magician was performing in Edinburgh, Scotland, and it was thought that his season would extend over 200 nights.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS closed a series of readings in Jersey, Isle of Wight, on July 16.

AMUSEMENTS.

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WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST., NEAR SIXTH AVENUE, will reopen on Monday evening, Aug. 23, 1875, with THE NEW YORK MINSTRELS, under the management of the world-famous delineators, BEN COTTON AND DAVE REED, BEN COTTON AND DAVE REED, associated with Mr. J. Simpson. TO WHOM ALL BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED. 18 2t*

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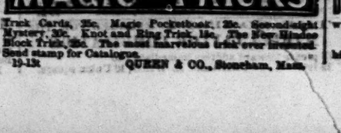

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